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ADRIAN, THE PILOT;

OR,

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BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

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BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM

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CHAPTER I.

THE BOY PILOT.

IDLY rocking upon the mirror-like waters of Penobscot Bay, which, unruffled by a breath of wind, were sweeping landward in majestic waves, the trim and saucy-looking Gipsy—a sloop of twenty tons burden—appeared like

“A painted ship
Upon a painted ocean”

Not a human being was visible upon her decks, the sails were all close furled, and rising and falling upon the bosom of the billows, the pretty craft was lazily drifting with the tide, and each moment drawing nearer and nearer toward the long line of frowning coast, dimly visible in the hazy distance.

It was an August day, of the year 1811, and the fiery sun had driven the crew of the Gipsy to seek shelter in the comfortable cabin, where, in dreaming away the sultry hours in delightful *siesta*, they could escape the terrible heat of mid summer.

As the moon descended, a light breeze stirred the surface of the sea, and the gurgling waters brought to the deck a youth, of apparently eighteen years of age, possessing a manly and graceful form, above the medium height, and indicative of great strength and endurance, while the handsome sun-bronzed face beamed with intelligence, and was stamped with pride, courage and determination, strikingly marked in one so young.

The eyes were restless, fiery in their earnestness, and yet

tinged with softness, while the whole contour of the face expressed daring and unflinching nerve, to meet any and every danger that might beset his path.

Attired in white duck pants, stuck carelessly into half-top boots, and secured around the waist by a red sash, into which were thrust a long knife, and silver-mounted pistols, a blue merino shirt, with sailor-collar turned down over a black silk tie, and wearing upon his head a jaunty cap of canvas, the youth presented a striking and seamanlike appearance beyond his years.

Glancing quietly around upon the ocean, the eyes of Adrian Earle fell upon a large schooner, coming rapidly down toward the sloop, and his voice rung, as he called out :

“Ho ! below there ; turn out quickly, lads.”

Immediately, half a dozen seamen poured forth from the cabin, looking as if just awakened from a sound nap, and one of them, a man of forty, with a frank and daring face, joined the youth upon the quarter-deck, at the same time remarking :

“Well, Adrian, we like to have slept all day.”

“Yes, the heat of the day overcame us ; but look, Marsden, and see what you make out of that fellow yonder,” answered the youth, pleasantly.

“Ha ! a stranger, as I live. No, by heaven ! ’tis the Smug-gler of the Coast.”

“So I thought ; but what is to be done, Marsden ?”

“Run for it, I guess. Lively, men ; run up the jib and mainsail, and we’ll show that craft our heels.”

“Yonder goes a signal ! Hold there ! Marsden, in five minutes she will be upon us, and as I have a fancy to get a nearer look at the smuggler, we will await him.”

“As you please, Adrian ; but I like not his company.”

The schooner, a graceful vessel of sixty tons, and carrying clouds of canvas, was now in hailing distance, and Adrian Earle saw a man suddenly spring into the shrouds, and immediately there came, in commanding tones :

“Sloop ahoy !”

“Ahoy ! the schooner,” answered the youth’s clear voice.

“I lost my pilot overboard a few nights since, in a storm, and wish to run into Cisco Bay.”

"There is some devilment on hand, Marsden, and I've half a mind to go," said Adrian Earle, turning to his mate.

"There is certainly something up, or that smuggler wouldn't be going into Cisco Bay; but, Adrian, I can not see—"

"Ahoy the sloop! Are you all deaf aboard there?" broke in the same voice from the schooner, and Adrian replied:

"Do you wish to run up the bay to Portland?"

"Ay, ay; have you a pilot?"

"Yes; send a boat aboard for me," called back the youth, and then, in a lower tone, he continued, to his mate:

"Marsden, I'm going to run that schooner into Portland. Follow slowly with the Gipsy, and day after to-morrow, if nothing unfortunate happens, I will join you."

"You are running a great risk, Adrian, for should the smugglers find out you are—"

"Nonsense, they can not remember me, for 'twas three years ago, and besides, I like risk, and— But here is the boat;" and so saying, Adrian Earle stepped into the schooner's cutter, and a few moments more found him standing before the smuggler captain, for such in reality he was.

With a cool manner he met the keen eyes of the captain, who possessed a dark, handsome face and elegant form, and yet a certain reckless carriage and dissipated look marred the otherwise noble expression, driving from the bold countenance much of the beauty that once had rested there.

"Are you the pilot?" asked the smuggler, in distinct tones

"I am."

"You are very young, and—"

"Yet I know this Maine coast most thoroughly."

"It may be so. I will trust you, and if you run my vessel to the anchorage I wish, I will pay you handsomely in gold; if you fail me, your payment shall be in lead or steel," and the smuggler threateningly touched his sword and pistol.

"I am not to be bribed or intimidated by promises or threats—I will do my duty."

"Ha! this speech rings like true metal; but I like your looks, young sir, and you may take the wheel, and mind you, I wish to run up under cover of the night."

"As you please, captain. I know the channel well;" and Adrian Earle took the wheel and put the schooner away

down the coast, while the little Gipsy stood in toward the land, to deceive the smugglers regarding her intention, of after dark following in their wake.

Under a ten-knot breeze, the smuggler schooner dashed over the foaming waves, and when the sun set behind the distant wall of coast, was rapidly nearing the island-dotted waters of Cisco Bay ; and though, with the night, came on a hazy atmosphere, the young pilot did not check the vessel's speed, but stood on, as if perfectly conscious of his power to guide the craft through every danger.

Standing at the wheel, watching with a sailor's eye every movement of the fleet vessel, and narrowly observing every object by which to direct his course, Adrian Earle was yet most attentive to all that was going on around him upon the decks, and his quick eye detected that the schooner was assuming a more animated and warlike appearance. After a while the smuggler captain came aft, and joining Adrian at the wheel, remarked, pleasantly :

" You see we can show a good set of teeth, if need be."

" You are well armed, yes," returned the youth.

" Certainly we are ; we have to stand ready to protect ourselves in these troublous times."

" True ; and ere long it will be dangerous for merchantmen to cross the sea or run along our coasts, for war with England, it seems, must come."

" You speak advisedly, for one so young, and as you have a seaman's eye and hand, I would be glad to have you with me," returned the smuggler, for he greatly admired the coolness and experience of the young pilot.

" In what service, captain ?"

" Well, as to that I am not yet particular : perhaps as a Privateer, or—"

" Pirate."

" Ha ! my Boy Pilot—you anticipate. Well, what say you to becoming a Free Rover ?" and the smuggler eyed the youth narrowly.

" I do not care to become an outlaw, captain : but if there is a war, I shall doubtless enter the service of my country."

" Patriotic, are you ? Dreams, dreams of honor and renown, boy, that will have a sad awaking."

"I was once the pride of my parents, honorable, and a *dreamer*: but the past is over now, so why exhume it; but a truce to this—to-night I am going on a secret expedition, and one which will enable me, if successful—and for success I depend upon your skill as a pilot—to arm and equip this vessel in splendid style, and then I'll fling my flag to the free winds of heaven."

"And that flag will be—"

"Wait and see: be assured it will be protected by brave hearts and bold hands. Now I wish you to stand on up Cisco Bay, and drop anchor beneath the hill looking seaward from Portland. Can you take the schooner there?"

"I can, sir."

"Good: then let her have all she can bear, and you shall be well rewarded."

"When we arrive I will take two-thirds of the crew ashore with me, and, with the balance, you will hold the schooner in readiness to leave the moment we return. Mind you, no treachery, for, though I leave you in command, the men will be ordered to shoot you down should you attempt escape, or wish to foil our plans."

"I understand you, sir," answered the Boy Pilot, and a strange light came into his eyes, as he put the wheel half round and let the vessel come up a point.

As the night wore on the misty haze each moment increased, and at midnight was so dense that two lengths of the schooner could not be seen ahead; and yet on the vessel sailed, the young pilot never at a fault.

Still the fog grew denser, and with angry curses the smuggler captain paced the deck, his eye often turning upon the Boy Pilot, who, still confident in his skill, refused to take in sail, but allowed the schooner to rush on at the rate of ten knots an hour.

"Pilot, this bay is as thickly studded with islands as hell is with sinners, so have a care lest you run upon one," called out the smuggler, suddenly.

"I know it, sir, and with your permission, will bring the schooner to, and take a boat a short distance ahead, as I wish to satisfy myself upon a point which, in this fog, I can not discover," answered Adrian.

"So be it ; but in a hurry, or the night will be gone. Clear away the third cutter there, and four of you, men, jump in for a crew."

Ten minutes more and the schooner was rocking easily upon the waves, and from her decks the dull strokes of the oars could be heard, as the cutter rowed away in the dense fog.

For some time the pilot steered the cutter steadily on, and then, dead ahead of him, rose a forest-clad island, and a moment more the boat grated upon a pebbly beach.

"I am on Star Island, I think, men ; but, to be more certain, will look around me ; so await me here ;" and, bounding ashore, the pilot strolled quickly along the beach for a few yards, and then turned abruptly into the pine forest.

A walk of five minutes brought him into a small opening, wherein a cabin and inclosure were visible.

Without hesitation the youth knocked upon the door, and a deep voice within asked quickly :

"Who is there?"

"It is I, Jasper, the Boy Pilot ; open quickly."

A second more, and a man stood in the doorway ; a man of gigantic stature, and whose face, by the glare of the fire-light, was most prepossessing in its expression.

"Why, boy, what brings you here at this time?"

"Jasper, I have no time to explain now. Hasten—take your sail-boat and fly away for Portland, where, in the harbor, you will find the United States vessel of war President. See the commander, and tell him to run around to the headland overlooking the bay, and he will capture the schooner known as the Smuggler of the Coast."

"What! *she* there?"

"No, she is yonder, off this island, and I am her pilot, and will put about among the islands until you have time to reach Portland."

"All right, boy. I will go at once."

"Thanks, Jasper ; now I must hasten away," and in five minutes more Adrian reached the cutter, and gave orders to return to the schooner, and again on board, the smuggler moved through the waters, her crew feeling renewed confidence in the strange pilot, who so coolly managed the vessel in all her intricate windings up the bay.

Soon the lights of Portland were dimly visible in the distance, and the hopes of the smuggler captain and crew arose rapidly, as the schooner headed away for the shadow of the lofty hill, and in a short while dropped anchor in the still waters at its base, and almost in the range of the guns of the fortress overhead.

CHAPTER II.

THE EXPEDITION.

No sooner had the smuggler schooner dropped anchor, than her captain, with two-thirds of the crew, entered the boats and rowed away, leaving the Boy Pilot and a dozen men to hold the vessel.

Adrian Earle listened to the sound of the oars until they could be no longer heard, and then in a thoughtful manner commenced pacing the deck.

Thus half an hour passed, and he was suddenly startled by hearing his name pronounced in low tones, the sound coming from the stern of the vessel.

He was alone on that portion of the deck; so, advancing to the stern, he glanced downward and beheld a dark form clinging to the taffrail.

"Who is there?" asked the youth, in a low tone.

"Jasper; I have warned the captain of the President, and fifty men are now in the boats near by."

"Good! go back to them, have the oars muffled, and come as soon as possible directly under the schooner's stern. I am alone on guard here."

"Ay, ay," returned the man, and closely observing his movements, Adrian saw him lower himself again into the water and quickly swim away.

Ten minutes he awaited, and then, through the dense atmosphere, he discerned the dark outlines of the approaching boats, and to avoid being between two fires, should the smugglers catch sight of the attacking party, he descended into the cabin just as the leading boat's crew reached the deck.

Though taken by surprise, the smugglers rallied and fired upon their foes, who made a rush toward them. Anxious to join in the fray, Adrian started to return to the deck, but found the cabin-way closed, and bolted from without.

Chagrined to be thus caught, he called aloud for some one to let him out, but no answer came, and the youth felt that he must remain there until the vessel was in the possession of the seamen, for he knew that they had first secured the cabin, fearing that some of the smugglers might be there concealed.

With impatience he listened to the sound of the fray over his head, and with joy heard the smugglers cry for quarter ; but then there came a ringing voice, crying :

“Down with the navy dogs! At them, men,” and in the stern tones Adrian recognized the voice of the smuggler chief, while rushing feet passed over his head, and in an instant the combat was renewed with tenfold ferocity.

“Cut down every man who resists! Show mercy if asked,” called a clear voice above the din, and the youth knew it was the officer commanding the American seamen, for the order was answered by three cheers in the hearty naval way.

Then came the stern voice of the schooner’s captain :

“On your lives beat them back, my men!—hurl them into the sea!—show no mercy!—follow me!”

With terrific yells the smugglers rushed forward, the seamen were beaten down before their onslaught; and, with a heart almost still with emotion, the youth knew that the crew of the schooner were victorious, for again and again sounded their yells, as the seamen were driven aft in spite of the rallying voice of their leader.

“We are beaten!—all is lost!” exclaimed Adrian, bitterly, and, as if to corroborate his words, again the voice of the smuggler chief was heard :

“Into the sea with them!—ho!—forward there, a dozen of you raise that anchor and make sail. Lively, you devils, lively!”

“The fight is lost, but I’ll bide my time and revenge will come. Now to action!” exclaimed Adrian, and as the schooner began to move through the water he knocked loudly upon the cabin door.

"Who the devil is in there?" called out the chief, in surprised tones.

"It is the pilot," answered the youth.

"God be praised," exclaimed the chief, and the next moment he faced Adrian in the cabin.

"Well, sir, give an account of yourself," he said, sternly.

"That is easy. I was in the cabin when the attacking party boarded; some one locked the door and made me a prisoner."

"I am glad of it, for now we have you with us. Take the wheel and get us out of this scrape, for in a few moments those fellows will return in their vessel," said the captain, quickly.

Adrian took the wheel, rapidly gave his orders for the necessary sail to be set, and the schooner rushed through the waters, heading seaward.

The fog had cleared away, the night was starlight, and, in glancing around, Adrian discovered the President, a mile to leeward, rapidly setting sail, while under the shadow of the land he discerned his own beautiful sloop, the little Gipsy, coming down toward the schooner, her decks crowded with men.

While wondering how it was that she was thus enabled to join in the attacking force, the pilot turned his eyes seaward, and an exclamation of surprise broke from his lips, that brought the smuggler chief quickly to his side.

"What is it, pilot?"

"See in the offing yonder—there, just coming in! Is that not a vessel of war?" and Adrian pointed seaward, to where a large ship could be seen, coming in toward the harbor, under a heavy press of canvas.

"You are right; she is an armed vessel, and if we can not run by her—too late!" exclaimed the chief, as suddenly a light flame shot up from the deck of the President, and immediately after several signals followed in quick succession.

"They have also discovered the stranger and are putting him upon his guard. What is to be done, pilot?"

"Run for it!" was the laconic reply.

"We are doing that now."

"True, but we are in the greatest danger of capture."

"That I well know; but, tell me, can we not go up the bay?"

"We *might*, captain; it is a desperate and only chance, for when the President's commander sees us stand away on another course they will attempt to head us off, and—"

"And what?"

"And if they succeed, we have but one chance."

"And that is—"

"To run between two islands where there is barely space for yonder sloop," coolly rejoined the youth.

"We'll try it; besides I like your skill and have confidence in you; but is not yonder sloop the one I took you from?" and the smuggler looked hard into the face of the pilot.

"It is."

"Then why is it here?"

"I ordered it here to meet me."

"Did you order it to league against the vessel of which you were the pilot?"

"You may observe, captain, that she came from the course which the boats took in returning to their ship; doubtless she was seized by them."

"It may be; but let us on now, under everything that will draw. Ha! yonder comes a shot!" And a light gleam shot from the bows of the President, and an iron messenger came hurtling toward the schooner.

The position of the smuggler was now one of imminent danger, and from which only the greatest daring and coolness could extricate her, and the officers and crews of the two men-of-war felt assured of her capture.

Coming through the channel leading seaward, was the stranger man-of-war, a corvette of ten guns, and entering into the chase, after being signaled by the President, she cut off the escape of the schooner to the open ocean.

Behind the smuggler lay Portland; while coming from the mouth of the river was the President, a mile off the starboard quarter of the craft which had escaped her clutches, when all thought her to be in the possession of the seamen.

Running across, as if to get in the path of the schooner, came the Gipsy, her decks crowded with men, and her entire spread of sail unfurled, to endeavor to head her off ere she

could escape down the bay; and as the Boy Pilot looked around him, and discovered the danger threatening upon three sides, and the only means of escape to run the dangerous gantlet of the rock-bottomed channels among the islands, he felt that the chances against the smuggler's successful flight were very few, even though he made no underhand attempt to effect her capture by wrecking her.

The night was now clear, and the citizens of Portland having been aroused by the firing, a dozen bright fires gleamed out over the waters, which, added to the flashes of guns, illumined the entire bay with a ruddy glare.

On flew the schooner, her crew at the guns, yet disdaining to return the fire poured upon them by the two men-of-war, her commander cool and daring, while the Boy Pilot, aided by a stout seaman, held the wheel firmly, with an expression upon his face of confidence in his own powers, and determination to aid the vessel out of her present difficulties, if it lay in the ability of man to do so.

Turning to the smuggler chief, Adrian suddenly asked :

"What of your expedition to-night?"

"Ha! I like that. Yon are made of stern material to allow your thoughts to wander from your vessel to other things. What of my expedition? Well, it was unsuccessful, for I had been misinformed."

"Betrayed, do you mean?"

"Not that, but an agent of mine informed me that Colonel Moncrieff, who you know, perhaps, owns that handsome mansion near the upper portion of the Portland heights, had returned from Europe with his lovely daughter, an only child, who had been at school in France for some years past, and that he brought with him a large amount of treasure—Look out! we almost touched that black rock."

"Yes; we will give some uglier rocks a nearer shave, ere we get through this gantlet. Ha! there goes the fore-topmast," cried the pilot, and as he spoke, a shot from the President's bow-chaser cut away the spar mentioned.

"It is just as well. Lower away the main-topsail, men! lively," called out the pilot, and, still keeping his piercing eyes upon the treacherous waters ahead, he continued:

"It was a mistake, then, captain?"

"Yes, partially, for Colonel Moncrieff has not yet returned, although the mansion has been prepared for him, and he is daily expected, so our visit was a fruitless one."

"I am then to judge that you are a pirate, captain?" and the youth spoke firmly.

"If so it please you, I am; and you are my lieutenant."

"Not so fast, sir; I am your pilot, but when I once get you out of this scrape, I would return to my own vessel."

"Well, well; we'll talk of that anon; now the schooner needs all our care," and the captain walked forward to look ahead, over the dangerous waters through which they were flying, passing upon every side dark and threatening rocks, to strike which would prove their instant destruction.

The speed at which the schooner was going brought her out ahead of the sloop, which she rapidly left astern, as she did also the two vessels of war, whose officers were astonished at the daring gantlet run by the smuggler; but, expecting that his rashness would yet bring him to grief, they stood on up the bay, still firing, and intently observing every maneuver of the reckless vessel.

"Send your commander here," suddenly called out the pilot to a seaman near by, and a moment after the smuggler stood by his side.

"Here is our greatest danger; take the wheel yourself, while I go forward."

The chief quickly obeyed, and like the wind the pilot ran forward, sprung into the fore chains, and in a loud, clear voice, called out:

"Port your helm!"

"Ay, ay," answered the commanding tones of the captain.

"Bring her up, until her sails shiver—steady! Now let her fall off, and give her a full. Steady as you are! Hard, hard—a-starboard! Steady!"

In cool, distinct tones, these orders were given, and with promptness obeyed, although every seaman held his breath with suspense, as they saw that the schooner was rushing with the speed of the wind between rock-bound islands, and through a passage, bordered upon either side with threatening reefs.

Springing down from his perch, the Boy Pilot walked aft, and was greeted with a loud cheer by the crew, for his coolness and nerve had won their wildest admiration, while the chief, warmly grasping his hand, exclaimed :

" You have saved the schooner, sir ! Yonder is the open sea, and our pursuers are far behind, and unable to follow. Tell me, then, how I can serve you ?"

" Captain, your schooner is now safe, and my services are no longer needed, so I would feel obliged, if you will put me on yonder island," and the pilot pointed through the darkness to where the forest-clad island of Jasper loomed up, off the starboard bow.

" It can not be. I—"

" Sail, ho !" interrupted a voice from the maintop.

" Whereaway ?" called out the captain.

" Two leagues to seaward, and heading for Portland."

" What do you make her out ?"

" A large square-rigger, as well as I can judge in the dark."

" Ha, I see her—helmsman let her come up a few points, and we'll have a look at this stranger, for she is doubtless a merchantman," continued the captain, and bounding before the stiff breeze, the schooner sped away to cross the path of this strange vessel.

CHAPTER III.

ON BOARD THE FLEETWING.

UPON the evening of the smugglers' expedition against the mansion of Colonel Morciff, a large and swift-sailing merchant-ship, was plowing speedily through the waves, some thirty miles from the American coast and shaping her course for Portland harbor, the point of her destination.

Toward midnight, the light-house became visible, shedding its clear rays out-over the waters, and giving hope to the homeward-bound seamen that ere long their voyage would be over, and in a haven of rest, they could seek the repose they

so much needed, after weeks of battling with the storm-swept seas ; all were not sorry to feel that soon they would be once more on *terra firma*.

With the hope of sighting the light-house, a number of the passengers had remained on deck until a late hour, and when at last the cheering cry was heard from the seaman in the foretop, "Land ho !" there came a loud cheer, and every eye was strained to catch sight of the welcome beacon.

Among the passengers were two persons who are destined to occupy no ordinary place in this story, and hence I will endeavor to present them to the reader, in the manner they deserve.

The one was a gentleman of middle age, possessing a soldierly form and frank, *distingue* manners, that at once proved him a gentleman of the old school, for Colonel Moncrieff was the descendant of an old English family, dating back to the crusaders, and yet a Republican at heart, he had come to the shores of America, to make his home, bringing with him his wife and only child, together with his vast wealth.

The other was the pride and joy of her father's life, beautiful Daisy Moncrieff, whom to behold was to love, and to know, was to adore, for the maiden was one of those fair, sunshiny creatures who flit across one's pathway but seldom during a lifetime.

Standing in the glow of the cabin lamp, it lit up her brown hair, eyes of a like hue, and clear complexion, with a ruddy light that but enhanced her beauty, and displayed her faultless figure, graceful in every motion, and robed in a dark blue traveling dress, to great advantage.

"My daughter, I believe your wish will be gratified, to spend your eighteenth birthday in your own home, for the captain says we will drop anchor in the harbor by sunrise ;" and Colonel Moncrieff turned toward Daisy, and pointed across the waters to the light upon the headland.

"Yes, father, it will be a great joy to me ; and yet home will seem so sad without poor mother ;" and the maiden leant her head upon her hand and pearly tears came into her eyes, for while she had been absent at school in France, her mother had died in America, without bestowing upon her loving child her dying blessing.

Colonel Moncrieff had rendered himself most popular during his sojourn in America, and knowing that war between England and the States was inevitable, he was anxious to reach home again, and offer his sword in defense of his native land, for in his early years he had been a distinguished officer in the service of Great Britain.

Fearful that they might fall in with some English cruiser ere they reached American shores, the colonel was greatly rejoiced, when at length the long-wished-for land hove in sight, and over and over again he congratulated the master of the ship upon their safe and speedy run.

While all eyes were intently turned upon the distant light, each building in his or her own bosom the hopes that lay in that land for them, there came a bright, lurid flash, far ahead, and soon rumbling across the waters rolled the deep boom of a heavy gun.

"What can that mean, captain?" asked Colonel Moncrieff, turning to the ship's master.

"I am certain I can not tell, sir; perhaps some vessel of war may be in the harbor—no, there it goes again, and again; no, that is a chase;" exclaimed the captain, and frequent flashes, from two different points, followed his words.

"I am sorry, colonel, but I do not wish to run into the lion's den, so must await until daylight," continued Captain Holcomb, as he turned and gave an order to his mate.

"What would you do then?" asked the colonel.

"Stand in nearer the land, and put off and on until it is light enough for us to see around us."

"You are right, I think."

An hour passed, and in the distance the dark line of coast loomed up dead ahead, and, the firing having ceased, the captain gave orders to have the vessel once again put on her former course, remarking:

"We have a craft that can show a clear pair of heels to almost any vessel I ever met, and we might as well take a nearer look before we run away from the harbor.

"Captain, what is that white object yonder on the land?" asked Daisy Moncrieff, pointing as she spoke off the port bow of the Fleetwing, as the ship was called.

"By Heaven! 'tis a sail; quick, boy, bring my glass.

Miss Moncrieff, you have a sailor's eyes," and Captain Holcomb took his night glass and turned it upon the approaching sail.

"She is a saucy-looking schooner, low in the water, and running under jibs, fore and mainsails," he said, and still keeping the glass to his eyes, he continued, slowly :

"She has lost her fore-topmast and half a dozen men are now in the rigging repairing the evil ; by Jove ! she is armed, and her decks are crowded with men."

"Perhaps it may be the craft that caused the firing ?" suggested Colonel Moncrieff.

"Then she escaped down the bay, a most dangerous undertaking I assure you ; by Heaven ! he is trying to head us off—all hands to make sail," called out the captain in trumpet tones.

In an instant every seaman sprung to his part, and from sailing under easy canvas the ship was soon covered from deck to top-mast with white clouds of duck, and bowled merrily along under the increased driving force put upon her.

"How do we stand now ?" called out Captain Holcomb, after the ship had been some minutes under her increase of sail.

"She is still creeping upon us, sir ;" answered the first mate.

"Think you she can head us off ere we reach the harbor ?"

"Ay, ay, sir, that she can unless we make more headway."

"Then come down, and we'll spread every sail she can bear."

Obedient to the order, the mate descended from the rigging, and again the nimble seamen went up into the rigging, and spread to the wind the fore, main, and mizzen sky-sails, with fore-topmast stay-sail and mizzen-spanker.

"She's got every rag she can carry now, colonel, and if we don't leave yonder stranger, then it's the Flying Dutchman," said Captain Holcomb, half in jest, half in earnest.

"Do you note any change ?" asked Colonel Moncrieff, after a long pause.

"Yes."

"I am glad of it."

"I am not. 'The schooner still gains upon us."

"What ! with all this sail set ?"

"Yes, sir. I would not believe a craft lived that could thus overhaul the Fleetwing. It is no use ; she is going to cut us off, so we might as well run for it first as last. Let her fall off, helmsman ; bring her head seaward, and we'll see how that fellow sails before the wind." And soon the Fleetwing had turned her stern toward Portland, and went swiftly over the rolling waves.

Soon it was evident to all that the stranger had also altered his course, and was running toward them wing and wing.

"See ! he has rigged his topmast, and is now setting both topsails. By Jove, how he comes on, and as I live, he is gaining on us !" exclaimed the captain, excitedly.

Every person on the Fleetwing was now wrought up to a high pitch of excitement, for none knew but that the strange sail might bring to them death, or perhaps blast their every hope in life, and most eagerly did they gaze out over the foaming waters, and eye the dark, threatening vessel, rushing down upon them with such remarkable speed.

"I'll try it, for evidently we are on that fellow's best sailing qualities. Bring her up, helmsman. Clew up all ; trim close ; lively, men, lively !" called out the captain, and rapidly the Fleetwing came around until the wind was on her beam, and feeling the breeze, she lay over and sped away upon another course, and in exactly the opposite direction to which she was sailing when first brought before the eye of the reader, for, although knowing that the schooner, by this change, could get to windward of him, Captain Holcomb deemed it his only chance, as the ship was now put on her best sailing points, and he hoped would steal away from her persistent pursuer.

CHAPTER IV.

BROUGHT TO BAY.

LIKE a hound on the track, the stranger still followed the Fleetwing, and steadily gained upon her in a manner that threatened to soon overhaul her.

"Too bad, too bad, to be taken thus near home," exclaimed Captain Holcomb, despairingly.

"Can we not resist? May she not, after all, be one of our own vessels of war?" asked Colonel Moncrieff, encouragingly.

"No, sir; had she been such she would have signaled us; but we *can* resist, at least to a slight extent, and it shall never be said that Dick Holcomb lowered his flag without firing a shot in its defense."

"Bravely said, my friend! Beat to quarters, and let me take command of the volunteers among the passengers, to repel boarders," exclaimed Colonel Moncrieff, all the fiery ardor of his younger days revived at the thought of battle.

Soon all was a scene of animation on the Fleetwing. Her two small guns were cleared for action, muskets were distributed among the crew and volunteers, while all the passengers not aiding in the defense were ordered below-decks, to be out of danger.

The ship was soon prepared to meet friend or foe, and the vessel was stripped of all sail that might retard her easy management.

"That is strange," suddenly exclaimed Captain Holcomb, who was narrowly watching the schooner.

"What is it, captain?" inquired the colonel, who was standing near, with Daisy leaning upon his arm, for the brave maiden had refused to leave the deck until the carnage actually commenced.

"Why, that not a soul can be seen on board that craft. She shows no lights, and since the setting of her topsails not one of the crew have been visible below or aloft."

"Yes, not a man is visible, and how swiftly she comes on," rejoined the colonel.

"And yet, father, how terrible in her silence, and still how beautiful!" exclaimed Daisy, who was gazing in admiration upon the fleet vessel as she bounded over the waters.

"Thank God! here comes daylight," muttered the captain, as the sea lightened, and the east grew rosy with the approaching sun.

"Yes, we can now see our enemies," rejoined one of the passengers, and as he spoke a dark object crept up the white mainsail, and unfolding to the breeze when it touched the peak, displayed even in the dim morning light the skull and crossed-bones—the terrible flag of the pirate.

A cry of horror went up from the Fleetwing's decks; every face paled, every lip trembled, and for an instant no word was said.

Then Colonel Moncrieff's voice, stern and determined, broke the silence, with, "Captain, we all know our duty now! We must fight unto the bitter end."

"Ay! ay! sir! Ready, men, with that starboard gun. Aim at his rigging—fire!" yelled the captain through his trumpet, for now but a few hundred yards lay between the Fleetwing and her pursuer, who was running along parallel with her, a short distance to windward.

A bright flash and report followed the captain's order, and a shrieking round shot whirled toward the schooner, and well aimed, pierced its way through the bellying mainsail.

"A good shot—strive for the mast next time—fire!" called out the captain, and another shot was sent toward the schooner, but with less effect, and then several others followed in quick succession, and yet no sign of life appeared aboard the strange craft, other than a solitary figure at the wheel, who conducted and governed the movements of his vessel as if totally unconscious of her near proximity to the ship.

Nearer and nearer drew the two vessels, the merchantman keeping up a brisk fire and the schooner silent, until but fifty yards separated them, and then in loud tones Colonel Moncrieff called out: "Boarders to repel boarders!"

"Ay, ay, colonel, that's their game; so let them come on."

Suddenly a tall, commanding form appeared upon the quarter-deck of the schooner, and coolly glancing around, his eyes fell, as if for the first time, upon the ship, and turning, he was seen to address a few words to the helmsman.

All were struck with the elegant appearance of the man, for the sun was now rising, and he could be distinctly observed as he stood there, seemingly unconscious that missiles of death had been poured upon his vessel for nearly half an hour.

"Did you ever see any thing so cool? That fellow appears not to know of our existence," said Captain Holcomb, in surprised tones.

"Hark! he is going to hail!" exclaimed the colonel, and in quick, determined tones the stranger called out to his crew:

"At the guns there—ready."

Like magic the two guns mounted upon pivots fore and aft were surrounded by men, and along the dark bulwarks were others drawn up as if for boarders.

"Are you ready?" again called the same ringing voice, and a cheer answered from his crew.

"Aim at her quarter-deck, and— Hold! there are women on board; on your lives, fire not!"

As every one on the Fleetwing expected to receive the deadly hail, the sudden countermanding of the order, and the following words of the pirate, surprised them not a little, and eagerly every eye was turned toward the schooner, the gunners of the ship, in their astonishment, ceasing to fire.

"Ho! the ship!" hailed the stranger.

"Ay, ay," answered Captain Holcomb.

"What ship is that?"

"The Fleetwing, of London, bound to Portland."

"Good! You have lady passengers, I see?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Then we must avoid bloodshed. Lower your flag and I will be lenient."

"You are not yet in command of this vessel, sir."

"No, but will be, soon. If you wish to fight it out, send your women below decks, for I will not war on them, and to prevent injury to them, will take you by boarding. Boarders ahoy!"

At the order of their commander, who was now on the bows of his vessel, his crew, armed to the teeth, swarmed around him, and at a glance, Captain Holcomb and Colonel Moncrieff saw resistance would be in vain; so, after a moment's hurried consultation together, the former cried, and not a moment too soon, for the sharp prow of the schooner was creeping up over the stern:

"Ho! the pirate!"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"What terms will you give?"

"None!" and as the word was spoken, the pirate captain and his crew bounded upon the poop-deck of the merchantman.

Captain Holcomb raised his sword, but, like lightning it was struck from his hand by the chief, who called out in ringing tones:

"Back! all of you, or I'll let my hounds loose upon your decks!"

A silence fell upon all, and stepping forward, the chief said:

"This is an English vessel, hence I claim her, as I am a loyal American citizen."

"You are a privateer then?" said Colonel Moncrieff, with a ray of hope.

"I am an American *pirate*, if so you will it, and in aiding myself, I render service to my country."

"War is not yet declared—"

"True, not yet; but I anticipate, and strike a great blow; but, captain, as I see you have a number of passengers, I will only relieve your vessel of such articles as we need, and allow you to go on your way—and yet, can I ask, is Colonel Moncrieff on board?"

"That is my name, sir," and the colonel stepped before the chief.

"I am happy to see you, sir. I paid you a visit last night, but as you had not returned, will be compelled to ask you to be my guest aboard my vessel, for a few days."

"And why, sir, may I ask?" said the colonel, with dignity.

"For a reason that I can not now explain."

"I am accompanied by my daughter, sir."

"Miss Moncrieff shall suffer no indignity, I assure you upon my honor."

"The honor of a pirate—"

The chief's face flushed crimson, then paled, and a dangerous light came into his piercing eyes, that boded mischief; but, controlling his emotion, he said with a half laugh and sneer :

"Did a pirate condemn you to death, his word would be taken, I warrant you ; but a truce to this trifling ; you must go with me, and your daughter also, for I again repeat you shall neither suffer indignity or insult."

Just then one of the schooner's crew came forward, and in him the reader will recognize the Boy Pilot, for doubtless it has been already conjectured that the captor of the Fleetwing was none other than the captain of the smuggling craft, known as the Night-hawk, and so named by its strange commander on account of its cruises against the Government and depredations being generally made during the hours when darkness rested upon land and sea.

"What is it ?" asked the schooner's captain in quick tones.

The Boy Pilot again repeated what he had said, and the eye of the chief rapidly swept the ocean and fell upon the two vessels of war, from which the pilot's skill had rescued him the night before, coming down before the wind, from the mouth of Portland harbor.

"Lively, men ! Get aboard what we need, and in haste, for yonder come our enemies on our track."

"Mr. Earle, see to the safe conduct of Colonel Moncrieff and his daughter aboard the schooner ; tell them that such baggage as they need can be carried with them, but the balance the ship can deliver in Portland. Captain, I would see you in your cabin a few moments."

The crew of the schooner at once set to work to take from the cargo of the ship what they could conveniently get hold of, and it was quickly transported to the decks of the Night-hawk, while Adrian, regretting the order circumstances compelled him to obey, and wishing himself well out of the corsair's clutches, stepped forward, and politely saluting the colonel and Daisy, said :

"You will not, I trust, cause me to use force to place you

upon the schooner, for believe me, you shall be guests, not prisoners."

"You a pirate?" and the beautiful eyes of Daisy Moncrieff rested upon the handsome face of Adrian, with a look of intense surprise.

"Circumstances are certainly against me, lady," said the pilot, coloring; but, he added:

"Believe me, though I now appear as an officer under the flag of the rover, you may trust me implicitly."

"I believe you, sir; and, to avoid trouble, my daughter and myself shall quietly accompany you," said Colonel Moncrieff, and in half an hour more the forced transfer of passengers and cargo had been made, and just as the two vessels of war were almost in range, and coming on with everything set, the schooner cast loose from the ship, her daring commander upon his quarter deck, and the Boy Pilot at the wheel.

"Present my compliments to the commanders of yon two vessels, and tell them if they wish to take the Night-hawk they must follow her to sea," called out the chief, to captain Holcomb, as the vessels drifted apart, and then turning to Colonel Moncrieff and Daisy, who silently stood near the wheel, he continued:

"Should yonder ships open on us, you would be safer in the cabin."

"Father, let us remain here," said Daisy, and the colonel raising no objection, the two stood gazing upon the departing Fleetwing, with feelings of mingled regret, suspense and dread, while the fleet schooner, under heavy canvas, bounded over the waves, heading oceanward.

CHAPTER V.

THE ISLAND WRECKERS.

To account for the appearance of the sloop, Gipsy, in Portland harbor, and joining in the chase of the smuggler, the reader will remember that the Boy Pilot appointed a rendezvous with Marsden, near the above city, intending to rejoin his craft, after he had piloted the schooner up the bay, and discovered her errand for going there.

By a shorter route, the Gipsy had sailed for Portland, and dropped anchor just as the crew of the President divided, half of them to go ashore to attack the smuggler's force, and the remainder to board and carry the schooner.

Had not the expedition upon the Moncrieff mansion failed, the schooner would doubtless been seized, but returning empty-handed, the smugglers heard the sounds of combat, and arrived aboard their vessel just in time to save her from capture.

The shore expedition after the smugglers took a different road, missed the band, and returning arrived at the water just as the balance of their force were driven from the schooner, and seeing that the Night-hawk was getting under way they threw themselves upon the Gipsy's deck, and endeavored, as has been seen, to head off the fleet vessel which so daringly eluded them.

When the sails of the Night-hawk disappeared behind the pine-covered islands, Marsden headed the little sloop so as to cross the fore foot of the President, and hailing her, the crew went aboard, while Jasper returned to the Gipsy, which put away up Cisco Bay, and after landing the fisherman upon his island, shaped her course seaward to keep the smuggler schooner in view.

From the decks of the little craft the distant chase and capture of the Fleetwing was witnessed, and it was with heavy hearts Marsden and his crew gave up the pursuit when they saw the Night-hawk spread her white sails wing-and-wing and fly oceanward.

"Well, lads, the young master's gone, and the Lord watch over him!" said the kind-hearted Marsden, brushing a tear from his eye, and putting the vessel on her course up the island-dotted coast.

"Yes, shipmate, and it'll be a sad blow upon the old man," said one of the seamen.

"Indeed 'twill, Boss; but, it was not *our* fault, for the young master would go."

"True for you, mate, for kind and gentle as he is, we all know he's the devil's own cub for determination when he is set on a thing; but, hark ye, art sure the boy wasn't hurt in the scrimmage, for I'm willing to bet my old woman ag'in' this sloop, he was the foremost in it."

"No; I asked Jasper Willis, and he says the master couldn't be seen when the navy boys got aboard, so doubtless he went below—or maybe those fellows may have suspected him and stowed him atween decks, or done away with him," said the mate sadly.

"Avast there, shipmates! you are sailing in a fog," said one of the seamen, coming aft, and joining in the conversation between the mate and the sailor called Boss.

"What mean you, Jack?" demanded Marsden, ready to jump at any gleam of hope in the safety of Adrian Earle, who was almost idolized by his crew.

"You was unfurling your ideas about the young master having weighed anchor and gone to Davy Jones' Locker, wasn't ye?"

"Yes, Jack; we were looking on the reefs for him," answered Boss.

"Then you are going dead ag'in' the wind, for ye see how that devilish schooner run up Cisco, didn't ye?"

"We did," answered all of the crew, who were now gathered aft.

"Well, who in thunder can run that channel, unless 'tis the Boy Pilot, or old Jasper?"

A yell of joy answered the question, and Marsden rejoined:

"You are right, Dick," none but our Boy Pilot could have carried that schooner through Hell channel, and blow me, if I ain't glad the pirate escaped, just to see how handsome the

young master put her through, even though she be a bloody smuggler, from which no good can come."

"Well, yonder she goes flying over the sea and looking as saucy as a young Miss just out of school, and as innocent as a widow searching for a husband, while we have to go to the island and tell the old man the bloody pirates is gone off with his boy," said the Boss, and the conference broke up, each man aiding in working the sloop along at her best speed.

Built for speed, the Gipsy flew over the waters, keeping the coast well in view, and heading in the direction from which she had sailed the afternoon before, in obedience to the orders of the Boy Pilot to follow him to Portland.

A few hours after nightfall, having made a rapid run, the Gipsy crossed the place where she had just been hailed by the Night-hawk, and her prow was pointed in the direction of a large island that was washed by the waters of Penobscot Bay.

The island was larger in size than the others that could be seen here and there in the distance, and though bold and rugged upon every side, and apparently unapproachable by vessels, was easy of access to one understanding well the passage through the reefs and channels, and afforded within its rocky embrace a small but secure harbor.

Landward, the island arose to considerable height ; and gradually sloped oceanward almost to a level with the water, while within its pine-clad recesses were the rude but comfortable homes of those who made that lovely spot their abiding place.

Desolate it perhaps looked, and yet a home-like air of comfort dwelt upon the island there, for the lowing of cattle, bleating of sheep, barking of dogs, and shrill crow of the rooster, were hailed by those upon the Gipsy's decks, as the little sloop, close-reefed, silently wound her way through the rock-bound channel, toward an anchorage where a dozen or more smaller craft lay quietly at anchor, gently rocked upon the tiny waves, which, breaking through the reef, rolled in and broke, with a mimic roar, upon the few feet of pebbly strand that the island boasted.

As the sloop glided nearer to the island, and rounded a jutting headland, a number of lights, from cabin windows

on the land, glimmered through the foliage, looking like fire-flies sparkling here and there, and it was with a sad heart, that Marsden glanced out upon one light further up the hill and more brilliant than the others, and felt that there, lost in devouring the contents of some book of lore, dwelt the father of the Boy Pilot, the man that was soon to know the sad news, that his only child was a prisoner upon the decks of a blood-stained pirate craft.

“Well, lads, he’ll soon know all. There, let go the anchor, and, Boss, you and Jack come with me, and we’ll tell the old man all about it;” and with a warning to the crew, to see all in shipshape before they left the sloop, Marsden, and the two seamen designated, went ashore and started up the hill toward the cabin, which was the land home of the Boy Pilot and his only parent.

The cabin toward which Marsden and his companions directed their steps, upon landing from the Gipsy, was seated upon an elevation that commanded a good view of the sloping ground to seaward, and an extensive glance over the ocean.

Numbers of other cabins, each surrounded by a small flower and garden plot—for even in that bleak spot vegetation would grow when cultivated—occupied the slope of the hill, but the one on the elevation was larger and more comfortable than the others.

It consisted of a low, rambling structure, containing one large room upon the sea side, encircled by a broad veranda, and which was used as a library and sitting-room; an inner apartment, comprising a kitchen and dining-room; and two sleeping chambers, all neatly and comfortably furnished.

In the first-named room was seated at a table, reading—or rather studying, for he was surrounded by a number of open volumes—a man of remarkable and noble presence.

Fifty years at least he had lived, and his hair and full beard, worn long, was tinged with gray, yet his brow was fair and bold, the eyes dark and full of fire, while the form, erect and graceful, denoted still much of strength and activity.

The room was lined with various maps, and books in half a dozen different languages, while paintings of foreign scenes

hung here and there upon the walls, surrounded by swords, pistols, guns, and the warlike implements of many nations.

In one corner of the room stood an artist's easel, with a half-finished painting, a marine picture, thereon, while upon a settee near by lay a guitar and violin, looking as if they had been lately in use.

In fact, the spacious room and its surroundings demonstrated thoroughly that its occupants were persons of refinement, culture and intellect, besides possessing a taste for the warlike and athletic, so useful in the accomplishments of the men of that day.

Such was the home of the Boy Pilot upon that rock-bound island, and the solitary occupant of the library the evening of the Gipsy's return, was his only parent, the noble Count Octave Earle, who, twelve years before, had fled, an exile, from his native France.

In the land of his nativity Count Earle had occupied positions high in authority, and was of a noble house ; but the decree of banishment had gone against him, with a change of government, and thus, with all he had to love in the world, he had sought the shores of free America, with his only child, Adrian, then in his seventh year.

Disgusted with public life, satiated with society, and willing to spend the remainder of his days in quietude, away from the noisy bustle of existence in the city, Count Octave had settled upon that lovely island on the coast of Maine, assembling around him the few of his true followers who had remained constant to him in his banishment, and doing all in his power to render their sojourn in their adopted land one of comfort, if not of pleasure.

From his own means he had beautified the island, and without dispossessing the few families of hardy fishermen who resided there, he purchased their land, and invited them to become members of the island household.

Thus had the twelve years of exile passed, with contentment, if not happiness, to the nobleman, and his island had become the resort of a number of the bold Maine mariners, until its population had increased to, at the time this story opens, nearly two hundred souls, and republicans and free-men though most of the inhabitants were, they yielded to

the authority of the count, and in fact installed him over the island as a petty sovereign, so great had his influence won upon them by kindness and generosity, and the regard he always showed to promote their best interests.

Here the boyhood of Adrian Earle had been passed, and while, under the able instruction of his father, who devoted hours of each day and evening to him, he became a most thorough scholar, under the skillful advice of the bold seamen and fishermen of the island, he was soon acknowledged to be the most thorough sailor as well as the most daring and expert pilot on that dangerous coast.

Added to his scholarly accomplishments, Adrian was also a fair artist and musician, besides being most skillful as a swordsman and shot, for his father had been anxious to allow no portion of the youth's education to be neglected in the slightest particular, whether it was in the cultivation of the mind or muscles.

Three years before the presentation of Adrian Earle to the reader, he had been allowed by his father to take command of the Gipsy, which had been built upon the island expressly for the youth, and presented by the islanders to him in return for the many favors he had rendered themselves and families.

In this yacht the youth had cruised along the entire coast, learning every channel and harbor, and many had been the shipwrecked crew he had aided and vessel his skill had saved from being lost upon sunken reefs and barren islands; in fact, so thorough was his knowledge of the coast, that, upon one occasion, he had rendered a most important service, that won for him the name of the Boy Pilot.

It was three years prior to the opening of this story that he had rescued, while hunting on an island that he believed uninhabited, a young girl from the power of a smuggler, whom, in the absence of the chief of the band, he had determined to steal away and keep hidden until a ransom was offered for her.

Through the death of her persecutor, at Adrian's hand, the young girl was saved, and finding her to be a captive to the smugglers, having been taken from a merchantman some time before, the youth determined to plan and execute an attack upon the stronghold, which would result in the breaking up

of the band and release of the prisoners, among whom was Jasper, already known to the reader.

Studying well the circuitous waters of the "inlet" which divided the smugglers' island in two parts, Adrian returned to his yacht, set sail for Wrecker's Island, and within a week's time was moving upon the rendezvous of the robbers, backed by fifty stalwart and brave followers.

Arriving off the smugglers' island after midnight, the Gipsy stood in steadily before a severe gale until a safe anchorage was found, when a landing was made in silence and safety, and the attack commenced, the robbers being taken entirely by surprise.

Most successfully was every point carried by the wreckers, under their gallant young leader; the prisoners were released, and among them Jasper and Blanche Willis, to whom Adrian had a few days before rendered such signal service, in freeing her from the ruffian's power. Large quantities of stores were secured and placed aboard the sloop, just as two sails were discovered coming rapidly into the smugglers' harbor.

But one means of escape was open to the sloop, for the two vessels, recognized as those belonging to the smuggler band, prevented escape to seaward, and that was a most desperate chance, as it lay through the inlet dividing the island, and through which but one vessel had ever passed before.

Though the Boy Pilot's knowledge of this inlet or inshore channel was only such as he had gained when studying it upon his former visit to the island, he determined to take the chances, and just as the smuggler vessels entered the harbor from seaward, and believed their game entrapped, the Gipsy's prow was daringly turned into the mouth of the inlet, and with her brave commander at the wheel, boldly ran the terrible gantlet through the foaming waters and threatening rocks, unscathed by the fire from her pursuers, whose captains did not dare to follow their saucy little foe, who had so skillfully escaped them.

The Gipsy safely arrived at Wreckers' Island, where she was received with great demonstrations of joy, and a few days after the Boy Pilot set sail in her, bearing as passengers Jasper Conover and Blanche Willis, who was to accompany the

old fisherman to his home, which, previous to his capture, had been on Star Island in Cisco Bay, and but a short distance from Portland.

Having become greatly attached to Jasper during their long captivity together, Blanche refused to leave him, and most delighted was he to have such a daughter as the young girl proved to him, and while he continued his vocation as a fisherman, he sent her to a boarding-school in Portland, to receive her education, contenting himself with visiting her once every Sunday.

Having now explained how my hero won his cognomen of the Boy Pilot—for after his daring escape through the dangerous inlet he was thus named—and brought the previous incidents in this story more closely before the mind of the reader, I will, in the following chapter, continue on with the thread of my narrative.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WRECKERS AROUSED.

WHEN Marsden and his companions arrived at the cabin of Count Earle, they entered with hesitation, dreading to make known to the fond father the circumstances attending his son's absence.

Hearing their step, Count Earle turned and welcomed them frankly, remarking, after a pause :

“But where is Adrian ? I suppose he stopped at some of the cabins ?”

“No, sir ; we have come to tell you of the young master,” commenced Marsden.

“What ! speak ! what of Adrian ? has another grief come upon me ?” and the fine face of the exiled nobleman became livid with fear.

“No, Count Octave ; listen and I will tell you all ;” and in a few words Marsden made known to the count all the circumstances already brought before the reader.

When he knew the full particulars, his brow darkened, his

lips became firmer, and in stern tones, that had often made his soldiers tremble, when upholding the eagles of France, he said :

“ Well, my friends, there is but one move to make, and that is to attack the pirates in their den, and tear from their grasp the Boy Pilot.”

“ Ay, ay, sir, and there'll be plenty of strong arms and willing hearts to do that,” said Boss, with enthusiasm.

“ Thanks—and I will lead you ; so return to the cabins, and assemble all of the islanders, for I would speak with them.”

Within half an hour a motley group of men, women, and children, had assembled in front of the cabin, and the count, after kindly greeting them all, said :

“ You are all doubtless aware of the bad news brought by the mate of the Gipsy, that my son is in the hands of the pirates, formerly sailing under the name of the coast-smugglers.

“ Now I am determined to recapture the boy, and will depend upon you—”

Here a deafening cheer broke from the wreckers, and then the count continued :

“ Thank you, my friends, for this exhibition of your good will, and allow me to suggest that you prepare two large crews to sail in the Gipsy and the Exile, which are the largest vessels we have, and in the morning we will take our departure, for I will lead you, and Marsden here will be my second.”

Another cheer broke from the crowd, and again the count went on :

“ A war with England and this country is now without doubt, and it behooves us to prepare for our own defense, for we will not escape visits from the enemy's ships of war, and also from such fellows as this noted smuggler has proven himself, and then will follow the desolation of our homes.

“ My object is to make this expedition against the smugglers serve a twofold purpose—first, to regain the freedom of my son, and then to supply ourselves with arms and cannon for our own defense, from the the pirates' store ; if unable to do that, we can certainly purchase them at Portland and Boston.”

When the count concluded, he was again and again cheered, and the party then dispersed to their homes to prepare for the coming expedition, leaving Marsden alone with the nobleman to discuss their plans for moving against the rendezvous of the pirates.

By sunrise, the morning following the return of the Gipsy, the vessels selected for the expedition sailed from the harbor and headed up the coast.

Upon the Exile was the count, with some forty men, while the Gipsy contained Marsden and a crew of a like number, all well armed for the encounter.

Before a fair but light breeze, the two vessels sped on, and the second night after their departure arrived off the island of the pirates, and at the point where the Boy Pilot had landed when he had saved Blanche Willis from the evil designs of her ruffian pursuer.

As the two sloops were devoid of heavy armament, Count Octave and Marsden determined to disembark their forces in the rear of the stronghold, and attack the place upon the land side, marching the men across the mile of woodland that lay between that portion of the island and the harbor.

They were more persuaded to this course, as the night was most threatening, and they feared if they entered the harbor, and met with defeat, it would be impossible for them to beat out to sea, against the storm which was liable to break upon them at any moment.

Besides, in the rear of the island, and to the landward, was a comparatively safe anchorage for their vessels, and from there, in case of defeat, they could get up anchor and sail away, gaining thereby a start of several miles upon the pirate crafts, which would have to double the island ere they could come up with the little sloops, that by this means could get a fair start.

With the Gipsy leading, the seaman Boss, who was a good pilot and knew the coast well, at her wheel, and the Exile following in her wake, under the skillful guidance of Marsden, the little vessels pitched and bounded through the black and angry waters, until the lee of the island was reached, and they came into a more quiet sea, when, directing their course

close in shore they soon dropped anchor in comparative safety and beneath the shadow of the overhanging pines.

Quietly and in order the landing was made, the sloops left with merely a sailing crew aboard, and then the party, headed by Count Octave and Marsden, took up their line of march through the sighing pines, which each moment were bending lower beneath the storm now raging in fury on sea and land.

"It is an awful night; yes, much worse than when the young master led us here," said Marsden, as, bending low before the blast, he moved on.

"Yes, a fearful night, but therefore much more favorable to our advance," answered the count, and, as he spoke, the party came out of the forest upon the shore of the inlet. "Now we follow this shore, I believe. Hark! is that the roll of thunder or cannon?" And the count paused and listened attentively.

"Cannon, by heaven!" exclaimed Marsden, and then he continued excitedly: "What can it mean? for there goes the roll of musketry."

"We are anticipated in our attack; but let us on, and lend our aid, for, doubtless, 'tis the crew of some war-vessel that has entered the harbor," exclaimed Count Octave. And the party were about to move on when a vivid gleam of lightning illumined the scene, making the boiling waters of the inlet, the dark line of shores, with the distant sea beyond, as bright as noonday for an instant.

"Behold!" exclaimed the count, as his eyes fell for a moment upon an object at the harbor entrance to the inlet.

All eyes were bent upon the raging waters, over which the wind swept in fury, for the inlet dividing the island in halves, formed a current through which both the waves and tempest nowled in madness.

Again another flash lit up the scene, and every voice exclaimed:

"A sail! a sail!"

"True, it was a sail; but what is a small craft doing out in such a night as this?" said the count, while Marsden rejoined:

"It looked to me like a cat-rigged sail-boat, and her course

seemed to be before the storm, and in the—ha! there she is, as I live, and coming right through that dangerous channel!”

Every heart now stood still in suspense, and every eye was strained for the next flash that they might discover the truth of the mate's words regarding the little vessel.

Soon it came, and bounding wildly, close-reefed as she was, could be seen a small, cat-rigged boat of not more than two tons burden, heading down the inlet and driving right before the tempest.

In the silence that followed the discovery, two rapid reports mingled with the roar of the storm, and all knew that the anger of man was joining in that of the elements.

“Well, Marsden, how do you account for this?”

“But one way, sir.”

“And that is—”

“There are captives in that small boat endeavoring to make their escape from the pirates.”

“And have run into the inlet not knowing its dangers?”

“Either that, Count Octave, or with a determination to escape by that desperate— By heaven! the boat comes on and is now in the worst part of the channel!” cried Marsden, as the lightning again brought the small craft in view, still standing on her dangerous course.

A few moments more the whole party, standing in death-like quietude, in blind darkness, awaited, and then the lightning again was their friend, sending its piercing brightness into every recess of the midnight gloom of the forest, and gilding every crested wave of the waters.

“The Boy Pilot! the Boy Pilot!” cried a dozen voices at once, as they suddenly descried, half-standing, half-kneeling, at the helm of the small boat, daringly guiding its course through the storm-swept inlet, the well-known form of Adrian Earle.

“’Tis, ’tis my son! God have mercy on him!” exclaimed the count, as he recognized the youth by the glare, and he became again visible, his long dark hair floating in the wind, his face fronting the dangers ahead, and hand firmly clasping the tiller. A wild shout of joy went up from the wreckers, and being seized by the tempest and hurled away, resounded like the shrieks of a demon crew.

"Quick, Count Octave, all of us, boys, let us away for the cove and meet the boat there, for the Boy Pilot will now get through, and when he sees the sloops will make for them," said Marsden, hurriedly, and the party were moving off, to retrace their steps, when an exclamation from the count arrested every man.

"See ! do my eyes deceive me, or is not yonder a large schooner in pursuit ?" he exclaimed.

Anxiously all eyes watched, and the next flash revealed a large schooner, under close-reefed mainsail and jib, just entering the mouth of the inlet, and heading down the foaming channel just taken by the small sail-boat, and determined to risk every danger to effect the capture of those whose lives had been risked in their daring escape.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CHASE.

"THE smuggler schooner ! the smuggler schooner !" was the cry from fifty hoarse voices, and as if to verify the words, there came a bright flash from her sharp bow, that lit up for an instant the graceful hull and tapering masts of the beautiful vessel, and then followed the deep boom of artillery and shrieking flight of the ball, as it was hurled on after the flying sail-boat, now a mile in advance of its pursuer.

"A daring fellow, that, to run this channel in such a night," exclaimed Count Octave, in admiration at the bold deed, and Marsden rejoined :

"Bold, and determined too, or he'd never keep his men at the guns when he was in such danger of being wrecked ; but hasten all."

Away dashed the party, going at a double-quick through the dense forest, and in five minutes they had cut across the neck of land, and came out at the spot where they had left their boats.

"Get aboard, men, just as quick as possible, for if yonder

schooner escapes destruction she will soon be upon us," and the count's voice was stern and determined.

Ten minutes more the whole force were upon the decks of the sloops, the anchors up, and the two vessels moving rapidly out of the cove.

But a short distance had they sailed, when the small sail-boat was discovered rounding the wooded bend, that formed the left shore of the inlet, and through his speaking trumpet Marsden hailed :

"Ahoy! the boat!"

An instant silence, and then came in the clear voice of the Boy Pilot:

"Ahoy! what craft is that?"

"The sloop, Gipsy!"

"Ay! ay! sir; come to, and I will run under your stern."

There was no tremor in the voice, while the matter-of-fact manner in which Adrian took the circumstance of the Gipsy being present, and his instant assumption of the command, showed the coolness and experience of a man who had seen years of hard and dangerous service, rather than one of the Boy Pilot's age.

"Obey the order, Marsden," said the count as the mate turned toward him, and the moment after she came gracefully up into the wind.

"Ahoy! the Exile!" called out the Boy Pilot, as he suddenly recognized the other sloop, while at the same time he drew in his sheet, and put his helm down to come up under the lee of the Gipsy.

"Ay! ay! sir," answered Boss.

"I am followed by the pirate schooner; shake out your reefs and give her all she'll bear, while you stand away at once for Wreckers' Island," shouted Adrian, and his order was rapidly obeyed.

Standing on the quarter of the Gipsy, Count Octave and Marsden watched the sail-boat as it rapidly came toward them, shipping heavy seas at every bound, and then discovered for the first time that the youth was not alone, for another form stood forward clinging to the mast.

"Stand ready to cast me a line!"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Now, let it come."

"All ready, sir," answered Marsden, and the next moment the rope was seized and firmly secured by the man on the bow of the sail-boat.

Without losing a moment's time, the Boy Pilot sprung forward, and called from her place beneath the slight deck, where she had sought shelter from the waves, the form of woman. Carefully he aided her along the deck, and with assistance from his father, placed her safely upon board the Gipsy.

"Ha! my father, you here? This was noble of you. Miss Moncrieff, my father. Colonel Moncrieff, allow me to present Count Earle. Here, boys, half a dozen of you get aboard the boat and bring out that luggage."

With the *sang froid* of a man of the world, and as if no danger had surrounded them, the Boy Pilot had introduced his companions, whom the reader has doubtless already recognized, and gave his orders, which were quickly obeyed.

"Well, Marsden, I knew you would not desert me; but the expedition would be fruitless now, for the schooner could sink my little Gipsy with a single broadside."

"We must run for it then."

"We must."

"Perhaps the schooner may not get through—"

"She will; you know not the man who commands her, good Marsden. Well, is all aboard?"

"Good; then let that boat be cast adrift, and the sloop's reefs be shaken out; there, now let her come round. No, Marsden, I will take the helm," and the Boy Pilot at once assumed the control of his vessel.

In the meantime Daisy and her father had been most warmly welcomed by the count, who had placed the after cabin at their service; but unable to endure the suspense, pent up below, the maiden had urged her father to allow her to accompany him to the deck, and there she had been securely placed with the colonel upon one side and the count upon the other.

"Do you see the Exile?" suddenly asked Adrian, as the Gipsy rounded the island and felt the full force of the wind and waves.

"Yes, sir, she is standing out to sea to get a good offing for running down the coast," answered Marsden.

"How far distant?"

"Over a mile."

"I am sorry it is not more, for yonder comes the schooner," coolly replied the youth.

All started at this intelligence, and glancing astern, discovered, for the clouds were breaking away, and the darkness was not near so dense as half an hour before, the pirate vessel just coming from out the inland entrance to the inlet, and some two miles distant.

"Shake out that other reef in the mainsail, Marsden."

"She is staggering now, under her canvas, Adrian," said the mate; but as if not hearing the words, the Boy Pilot ordered, quickly:

"Run up the flying jib! Here, Marsden, aid me with the wheel."

The orders were promptly obeyed, and under her increased sail the Gipsy rushed forward with a velocity that was terrifying, while the waves dashed over her decks with wild force, compelling all to cling hard for their lives.

Thus half an hour passed, and glancing astern the youth saw that the schooner, having cleared the land, was now also feeling the full force of the gale, but with a recklessness equaling his own, her daring commander was spreading his vessel with canvas.

For some moments no change was observed in the relative positions of the Gipsy and her pursuer, although both vessels were rapidly overhauling the Exile; but another glance astern showed the Boy Pilot that his enemy had set her top-sails, even in that blow, and was gradually lessening the space between them.

"Forward there!"

"Ay, ay, sir," answered a dozen voices.

"Run up the topmast staysail."

"Adrian, she will not bear it!" remonstrated Marsden.

"She *must*! do you hear, forward there? up with the sail."

The men, though fearing for the safety of the sloop, obeyed the order, which was quickly followed by:

"Every man of you get as far to the windward as possible; steady! now run up the topsail."

"Adrian, she can not stand an inch more," again said Marsden.

"She *shall* !" and then as if to atone for his harsh manner the youth continued :

"Marsden, to be caught by yon schooner is *death* ; run up the sail I say, and then one and all to windward."

With promptness the order was obeyed, and the speed of the yacht became frightful, while from the oldest seaman down to Daisy Moncrieff, the danger was fully felt.

At times, as the staunch but sail-burdened vessel pitched from wave to wave, she would go over upon her beam-ends, and all would believe her gone, but then a skillful turn of the wheel by her daring young commander would bring her up, to once more bound on in her mad career, with a velocity she had never been known to attain before, and which had been deemed impossible.

Still the schooner pressed on, and though not gaining on the Gipsy, it became evident she would prove more than a match for the Exile, which was now not more than a cable length ahead of the yacht.

"Ha ! yonder comes a shot," and as Adrian spoke the sharp prow of the schooner was illumined by a flash, the report followed, with the whistling of the iron messenger, which luckily fell far astern.

"The Exile is dead ahead, sir," suddenly called out a voice from forward.

"I know it, sir," shortly answered Adrian, and then he continued :

"Marsden, I intend to pass to leeward of the sloop, for I would speak with them."

A few moments more and with but a few yards dividing them, the Gipsy's bow was even with the Exile's stern, and the Boy Pilot hailed.

"Ay, ay," answered Boss, who was at the wheel.

"The sloop is stiff enough to bear every rag you can put upon her ; get your crew and ballast all to windward and make every ribbon draw."

"Ay, ay, sir ! glad to see you have escaped the pirates," answered the hearty and cool tones of the Boss.

"Thank you, Boss, now obey my orders, and if the

"Adrian, she can not stand an inch more," again said Marsden.

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"Thank you, Boss, now obey my orders, and if the

schooner still gains on you, run in to the land, and beach the sloop where there is a chance for life, then make your way to Belfast and I will come after you in the yacht."

"Suppose I board him," suggested Boss, with the utmost *nonchalance*.

"Madness; his decks are crowded with men. Do as I order."

"Ay, ay, sir."

The crews of the two vessels then cheered each other, and the Gipsy being too far ahead for further conversation, rushed on, gradually leaving the Exile astern in spite of the extra sail which Boss had crowded upon her.

"Your son was born for a seaman, count," said Colonel Moncrieff, who, with Daisy, had been silent spectators of the implicit obedience yielded to the youth, and the able manner in which he guided the yacht upon her terrible course.

"Yes, colonel, Adrian truly is endowed with much skill and greater nerve; there is little of the boy in him," answered the count.

"Not a bit of it, and when you know how he has served us, you will indeed feel proud of him."

"By Jove, the Boss has determined to run in and beach her," suddenly exclaimed Marsden, and looking astern, all discovered that the course of the Exile had been changed, and before the wind she was flying landward with all speed.

"It is his only chance: and there go the guns; he may yet be crippled," said the count.

"It will be accidental if that strikes him in this sea, I should think," said Colonel Moncrieff, for the storm-clouds having cleared away, a waning moon was rising, and lighting up the sea with a silvery radiance.

"Lucky Boss, to escape that shot; but hark! that's your game, Sir Pirate," exclaimed Adrian, suddenly.

"He is after us, true enough," rejoined Marsden, as the schooner was observed to keep directly on after the Gipsy, instead of putting away after the Exile, as it was expected he would do.

"Yes, he knows where the game he hunts is to be found, and follows the Gipsy, while he gives up on the Exile. Now, good craft, bend to it with all your might and speed, for a

fleet bloodhound is on your track," said the Boy Pilot, and he devoted every energy to his swift-sailing vessel, while his crew nobly seconded him.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CAPTIVES AND THE PILOT.

I WILL now return to the time when Colonel Moncrieff and Daisy were taken by the pirate chief from on board the Fleet-wing, and carried off as captives in the schooner, which, in sight of the port to which she was destined, and with two men-of-war coming down upon him, had boldly captured the merchantman.

As the swift craft sped away to seaward, with the two war-vessels in full chase, the daring man who commanded her deliberately paced the quarter-deck, his eyes downcast, and lips compressed, with the conflicting emotions that rolled before him.

Adrian Earle stood at the wheel, and by his side were Colonel Moncrieff and Daisy, both most anxious regarding the fate that would be theirs.

"Will you kindly answer me a few questions, young man?" suddenly asked Colonel Moncrieff, turning toward the Boy Pilot.

"If in my power, sir."

"Did you voluntarily come on this vessel as an officer?"

"I did, sir."

"Did you know her character?"

"I did, sir."

The colonel was nonplussed for a moment, and a shade of disappointment rested upon Daisy's face; but again the colonel asked:

"Who is yonder man?"

"The chief, sir."

"I know that much but what is his name?"

"He is called—" but ere the Pilot could complete the sentence, the object of their remarks advanced, and said:

"Mr. Earle, let her have the wind a little more, for yonder corvette is a swift sailer."

Adrian started and colored, for he had no idea that the chief knew him by name, and to hide his emotion he quickly glanced astern to where the man-of-war, which had joined the President in the chase, and which in the daylight he recognized as the Sleuth-hound, one of the swiftest vessels in the navy of the United States, was gallantly holding her own with the schooner.

"The schooner will bear more canvas, sir," he continued, turning to the chief, and receiving an assent, he quickly ordered more sail spread, the crew nimbly obeying his orders, given in the terse, clear tones of the quarter-deck.

"Without intentionally becoming an eavesdropper, Colonel Moncrieff, I overheard your question to my officer," said the chief, politely bowing to his guests.

"I had asked him your name, sir," said the colonel, without hesitation.

"I am called Marmaduke, *the Pirate*," answered the chief, with a slight curl of the lip.

"I have heard of you, sir, as a most daring freebooter," frankly returned the colonel, while the chief, with equal coolness, rejoined:

"And shall hear of me again, sir."

"Have we not met before?—there is an impression upon my mind that we have, though, mayhap, 'tis an idle memory."

The pirate turned and let his piercing eye fall full upon the colonel, and said, while his face slightly flushed, and then paled again:

"We have, sir."

"Ha! then I was not wrong. Can I ask when and where?"

"I decline to answer more," haughtily replied Marmaduke; and then he continued, in an even tone:

"Permit me to say, sir, that neither yourself or daughter are in any danger aboard my vessel; but now, let me explain why I made the raid upon your mansion last night, and also why I now hold you as my captive guests;" and the chief bowed politely.

"We would be most glad to learn," said Colonel Moncrieff, with sarcasm.

"Well, colonel, you are amply blessed with the luxuries of life, while I have to earn for myself and men a living with my sword.

"Hearing that you had lately sent over from England an immense amount of gold, I intended to relieve you of a sufficient quantity to purchase a vessel that is now being fitted out for service.

"The idea of taking your plate and valuables was a hoax; I wanted the *gold*, and not finding it, I allowed my men to disturb nothing else, but ordered them to return as they went, empty-handed.

"One of my men remonstrated and urged a mutiny, whereupon I shot him through the heart, and left him there as a reminder of my visit.

"Upon finding you on the Fleetwing I was forced to make you my captives, as we had no time for words with those war-dogs upon our heels.

"To talk to the point, your safe of gold and silver property continued on in the Fleetwing, and you came with me as hostages for the sum of *one hundred thousand dollars*, which I must have to enable me to fit out the vessel spoken of, and purchase her for my own use."

"Are you mad," exclaimed Colonel Moncrieff, "to think I would give that amount to aid in the cause of piracy?"

"You are anticipating, colonel. True, I am a pirate; but in other seas I won the name, as on the American coast I have merely been a—a smuggler, if you will, and cheated the government out of a few dollars duty; but I love this land, and in the war now coming intend to strike against England with all my force and under my own flag—"

"And that flag?" said Daisy, softly.

"You shall see it, lady. Forward there; tell the boat-swain to run the schooner's new colors up to her peak.

"To continue," resumed the chief, "under my own flag will I fight her, and toward the United States remain neutral, only firing on the stars and stripes to protect my vessel and crew."

"You are a strange man, sir chief, and I would that your

life were one of honor instead of crime," said Colonel Moncrieff, with a sigh.

"Would to God it were!" ejaculated Marmaduke, with sudden emphasis; and then taking from the boatswain a roll of bunting he fastened it to the halyards, and the next moment the sea-green folds of a large flag were unfolded to the wind, while in the center, riding the waves, which had been most skillfully painted, was a large sea-serpent with hideous, grinning head and shiny body, writhing in the waters.

"Behold my new flag, Miss Moncrieff! It has never before been raised upon this schooner, which bears the name of the Night-hawk—*apropos* to a smuggling captain, is it not? But, as we have cast off the mask now, we might as well come out at once in our true colors, though I had intended yonder flag only for the vessel which your father's generosity is going to bestow upon me."

"You speak hastily, sir," put in the colonel, with some anger.

"Not at all, colonel. You are an American now, and a true patriot, hence will give the small sum I ask from your vast store of wealth; especially as by so doing, you gain the freedom of yourself and daughter."

"I would willingly give the money, sir, to aid my adopted country; but threats can not force it from me when it goes in the cause of piracy."

"You will change your mind, colonel. Mr. Earle, we have left the Sleuth-hound far enough astern to alter our course a little, so let her head more to the northward, and should I be needed, have me called." And, raising his cap politely, the chief descended into the cabin, leaving his two captives alope with the Boy Pilot.

"Lady, have no fear. We are now bound for the pirate rendezvous, but, believe me, you have friends where you least expect," said Adrian, turning toward Daisy Moncrieff as soon as the chief had disappeared.

"You are then our friend? I am so glad!" exclaimed Daisy, her beautiful eyes falling with their full power upon Adrian, and causing him to wince, for, though he was elegant and composed in the society of ladies, it was seldom, in

his isolated life, that other women crossed his pathway than the rude wives of the wreckers.

"I repeat to yourself and father, Miss Moncrieff, that you need not be without hope. Now I can not say more, and I trust you will be circumspect, for it will be no light matter to aid you to escape from the power of Marmaduke, who, though he might treat you with all the honor of guests, yet will have a watchful eye upon your every movement."

"I thank you, sir. I am indeed glad to find that you are not wholly bad, although an outlaw," said Colonel Moncrieff. And the blush that crossed the youth's face, at the words, could not be interpreted by either of his hearers.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ESCAPE.

Two days after the capture of the Fleetwing, the swift Night-hawk, having thrown her pursuer, the Sleuth-hound, off her trail, arrived in the waters of the pirates' stronghold, a place with which the reader is already to some extent acquainted.

Landing from the schooner, Colonel Moncrieff and Daisy were escorted by their captor to their quarters, which were in a comfortable cabin, standing within the fortified inclosure fronting the sea, and here, they were told, would be their home, until the colonel agreed to send an order to Portland or the money demanded by the chief.

As he was about to depart, Marmaduke remarked :

"I regret to hold you thus, sir, but I need that amount. Give me an order for the money, and when I have received the gold, you shall be landed in safety in Portland."

"I must have time for consideration, chief."

"As long as you please, sir. Now I will leave you, and I hope you will be comfortable ;" and raising his hat politely the chief walked away.

"Well, daughter, we are doomed to imprisonment for a

short time at least," said Colonel Moncrieff, when they were alone.

"Yes, father, but I am so glad we are together, for otherwise our suspense would be terrible."

"True; but we have comfortable quarters, I see, and I have not lost hope in that strange young officer, whom really I feel the greatest interest in."

"Yes— But here he comes now," and as Daisy spoke, the Boy Pilot entered the cabin.

"I have but a moment to stay," he said. "The chief bids me say that if there is any thing you need, it shall be placed at your service, if you make your wishes known; and also, your luggage will soon be sent up."

"I thank you most kindly, Mr. Earle; once, on board the schooner, you were good enough to say—"

"Yes, yes; but walls have ears. Keep your baggage well together, and be ready to take advantage of circumstances that may come in your way. Good-evening."

"Well, Daisy, that young man is a study, a mystery, and I hope to know more of him," said Colonel Moncrieff, as Adrian walked away.

"Yes, and the chief is also a study; his face is one of strange interest, and his manners are most elegant," returned Daisy, and she at once set to work in looking around her new quarters.

Adrian Earle soon found out that though he had his full freedom, he was also a prisoner, though Marmaduke made him his personal guest, and endeavored all in his power to win the young man over to become one of the band, offering him the position of his first officer.

The Boy Pilot entered eagerly into all of his plans, and showed no haste to leave the island, so that after several days' stay there, the pirates began to look upon him as in reality their officer, and the second in command.

But Adrian was not idle, and every foot of the island he narrowly surveyed, and in a small boat that was placed at his service, with a crew of two men, but which he well knew were secretly his guards, he examined the waters around the island, and on several occasions passed through the Inlet, each time learning the channel more thoroughly.

In a conversation with Marmaduke, he discovered the manner in which the chief had found out his name, for it was engraven on the silver mounting of his pistols, and he was also glad to know that neither himself nor the Gipsy had been recognized as having been in the attack upon the stronghold some three years before.

"Now to escape from here, and to carry with me Colonel Moncrieff and his beautiful daughter!" was the constant thought that haunted the brave youth's mind, and not a moment passed but he was plotting and planning.

At length the time for action came, and upon the very night, dark and stormy, that the wreckers were moving upon the pirate band.

Shortly after dark a fishing-craft entered the harbor, half wrecked by the storm, but bearing important news to the chief, which was, in effect, that a richly laden ship was to sail the following day from Portland for Halifax.

The fishing-craft was owned by a man in the secret service of Marmaduke, and knowing well that he could be trusted, the chief immediately aroused his band to action.

At once the whole place was a scene of confusion, for independent of the terrible storm that was raging, the daring outlaw intended putting to sea.

"Here, Mr. Earle, I have a mission for you to perform: go at once to the cabin of our guests and say that I am going on a voyage of a week or more.

"If the colonel will sign the order for the gold I demand, I will go at once to Portland and get it, and he shall, with his daughter, be released.

"If he refuse, then they must still remain my prisoners."

"I will speak as you tell me, captain. Will you be here?"

"No, I am going at once on board the schooner to prepare for sea; follow me there, and be ready to accompany me. Your crew will wait you at the wharf."

"Ay, ay, sir, I will soon be with you," said Adrian, and he hastily walked off in the direction of the Moncrieff cabin.

Knocking gently, he said:

"I am sorry to disturb you, Colonel Moncrieff, but you must accompany me at once."

"And whither?" asked the colone..

"We put to sea to-night."

"What! in this awful storm, Mr. Earle?" said Daisy, joining her father at the door.

"It cannot be helped, lady, so please do not detain me, as it is most earnest that what *we* have to do must be done *at once*."

The manner of the youth, added to the marked emphasis he placed upon the words *me* and *at once*, caused both of the captives to feel that he intended to serve them in some way, so only a few moments elapsed ere the party set out for the beach, the men who had accompanied Adrian carrying the baggage.

Upon the way down the hill, a number of parties were passed, who in the darkness, bent a look upon them, but recognizing the pilot said nothing, and in safety they reached the wharf and discovered the schooner going out in the harbor, only a few hundred feet from the shore.

The sail-boat, with its crew of two men, were awaiting, and Adrian said to them:

"Reef that sail down to its lowest nettles, men, and get this luggage under the deck forward."

"All ready, sir; but the chief said nothing of bringing out the prisoners," returned one of the men.

"Captain Marmaduke gave *me* his orders, sir; not you," sternly answered the pilot, and having placed Daisy in a secure seat forward, and bade her father take a stand near her, he stepped in and took the helm.

"Hold! Jackson; run after those fellows who brought the luggage aboard, and say I wish one of them to accompany me," exclaimed the Boy Pilot as the boat was shoved off from the wharf.

The man, in obedience, sprung ashore, while his companion held hard to the wharf, for the boat had been cast loose; but hardly had Jackson gone twenty steps, when with a bound the Boy Pilot sprung forward, and hurled the remaining seaman into the water, while he seized an oar and shoved the boat's head around, so as to let her get the wind.

In an instant the sail filled, and laying well over, the small craft bounded forward before the gale, for the storm was now at its hight.

A startled cry from Daisy, at the act of the pilot, caused him to say quickly :

"He can swim, lady; it is our only chance; so, colonel, please be ready to aid me here."

In an instant they understood all; the brave youth had taken this means to effect their escape, and Daisy humbly prayed that it might be successful.

The seaman, known as Jackson, at once recognized the pilot's ruse, and rushing to the end of the wharf, called loudly for help, while at the same time he fired his pistol upon the retreating boat.

The shot, though harmless, aroused the pirates, and ere five minutes elapsed, the entire camp was in an uproar, for the seaman whom Adrian had hurled into the water, soon scrambled out and aided his companion in calling for assistance.

The cry was heard on board the schooner, and Marmaduke, on ascending to the deck, soon discovered the flying boat, and in an instant felt that he had been defeated by the Boy Pilot.

"At the guns there; level at yonder sail-boat and let them have it!" he shouted, and his angry voice aroused his crew to instant action.

"All hands to up anchor, ahoy!" and nimbly the men sprung to obey the order.

"Make sail, ahoy!" he again called in trumpet tones, and ere the anchor had left the water, the schooner began to move, while at the same time her guns kept up a constant fire upon the retreating boat, which had now rounded the bend, and with the gale upon her starboard quarter, was darting through the rock-bound and dangerous "inlet" channel.

The shots from the schooner, though close, fell harmless, and with safety the Boy Pilot guided his little vessel through the severe ordeal, and as has been seen arriving in safety aboard the yacht Gipsy.

CHAPTER X.

PURSUER AND PURSUED.

WHEN the Night-hawk stood on after the Gipsy, instead of following the Exile, it became evident that her commander had discovered through his glass that Daisy was on the leading sloop, and hence also the colonel and Boy Pilot; but yet no shade of anxiety crossed the cool face of the youth as he scanned the sea and sky, glanced above him at the immense weight of sail the sloop was carrying, and then turned to see if his pursuer was gaining. A moment's observation proved to him that she was, and that half an hour more would bring her in easy range of the Gipsy.

What was to be done? The brave little vessel was already staggering beneath her loads of canvas, and no more could be placed upon her. And yet it was evident to all, that some means, to save the vessel from capture, must at once be decided upon.

The Boy Pilot was never long in deciding, and most prompt to act, when his mind was once made up on any course.

"Stand ready all, to mind these sails—steady!" he cried suddenly, while at the same time he brought the sloop up into the wind to the astonishment of all on board.

"My God! what do you mean, Adrian?" exclaimed Marsden, not understanding the move of the pilot.

"Steady, let her head come off—there, she feels it now—give her all the sheet she wants—steady!" were the quick, stern orders that followed Marsden's question, and having brought the Gipsy up into the wind, her young commander had let her fall off again and then run before it directly for the land, while he continued as soon as she was darting away:

"To have *jibed* her in this wind, Marsden, would have been to have thrown her over, therefore I brought her up as I did."

"You were right, Adrian; but for a moment I was at a fault. Ha! yonder looms up the schooner," returned the mate.

"Yes, and she is sending us her iron compliments. Miss

Moncrieff, I fear you will not like the sea after your late experience upon it?" and Adrian turned gallantly toward his fair passenger, who replied, pleasantly: "I have seen such masterly management of vessels upon the sea, Captain Earle, that its storms have lost half their terror for me."

"A well deserved compliment, Daisy, you have given; but can I ask, sir, wherefore this change of course?" rejoined colonel Moncrieff.

"Certainly, colonel: there is no coast in the world more dangerous to strangers than this island-dotted shore; but I know it well, and by running in can soon place that fellow at fault I think, for I shall lead him where he dare not follow."

"With great danger to your own vessel, though, I suppose," returned colonel Moncrieff.

"True; but risk nothing, gain nothing, and I assure you, that our only chance of escape lies in going where yonder pirate can not pursue."

"I make no objection, Captain Earle; far from it; you have served us nobly, and with the most implicit confidence I place my trust in you."

"I thank you, sir. Yonder rises the first island, and in half an hour we will place it between us and the pirate; then let him come on, if he wishes to wreck his saucy craft," exclaimed the Boy Pilot, in exultant tones.

On flew the two vessels, over the tempestuous waters, each moment drawing nearer and nearer to the threatening coast; and the schooner ever and anon firing upon the chase, determined by fair or foul means to bring her to, and retake the escaped captives.

As the Gipsy approached the island, the Boy Pilot resigned the helm to Marsden, while he went forward and stationed himself in the bow, where he could the more readily command a view of the channel.

Soon the dark shadows of the island were reached, and as the Gipsy disappeared in its gloom, the Boy Pilot was astonished to observe that the Night-hawk was still in his wake, rushing on with a speed that proved she either had some one on board who understood the dangers ahead, or was recklessly determined to follow the sloop on to the bitter end.

"By Jove, that fellow shows pluck," exclaimed Marsden,

in admiration of the pirate's daring, but he could no longer watch the enemy in their wake, for the tones of the Boy Pilot rung out from forward :

"Lower away the topsail ; strip the sloop of all but her jib and mainsail."

"Ay, ay, sir," and the order was quickly obeyed.

"Keep your sheet well in hand ; trim in ; port your helm port, still, now steady."

"Ay, ay."

Every one was silent now on board the little sloop, and every eye watched the workings of the vessel and her course, while all ears were attuned to catch the clear orders of the Boy Pilot.

"Port,* port your helm."

"Port it is."

"Starboard your helm ; hard a-starboard—steady," called out Adrian, and the next moment he stood upon the quarter-deck.

"Well, we are over a part of the danger ; keep her steady as she is, Marsden. Ah ! yonder comes the pirate, and I verily believe he is going to attempt the channel—no, he is rounding to, and look out, down all !"

The last cry of the Boy Pilot caused all to drop to the deck, for as he spoke the schooner fired a broadside upon the Gipsy, which, however, did no other damage than to cut through the mainsail and sever a few ropes.

"He has given it up—and that is his parting salute," cried Adrian, in high glee at his escape, and turning to Daisy and the colonel, he resumed :

"Allow me now to offer my congratulations, for other than the ordinary dangers of the sea you have now nothing to dread."

"And to your courage we owe our liberty, nay more, I believe our lives ; believe me, Mr. Earle, nothing in life can ever cause me to forget you," said Colonel Moncrieff, with deep feeling, and Daisy added :

* It may here be remarked that I use the present word of *Port*, when in those days it was *Larboard* : but I do this as the latter word is never heard now on board ship, in an order. The change of *Larboard* for *Port* was made on account of the similarity of the former word to *Starboard*.
--AUTHOR.

"If I could say any thing, Mr. Earle, to express my thanks I would gladly do so; but words are useless now; at another time I may be able to more fully appreciate your nobleness."

"Had we been captured I well knew that we would have been overwhelmed by the pirates; but not being captured, I had no idea that I would be overpowered with thanks," replied the Boy Pilot, gallantly, and he once more went forward to direct the course of his vessel, for not yet was the Gipsy free from danger, although the pirate schooner, after firing her broadside at the vessel that had escaped her, had gone to sea again, and was now some distance away; still the wind was blowing half a gale, and a rocky, dangerous coast was not a pleasant place to be off in a storm.

But, nothing daunted by surrounding dangers, the Boy Pilot guided his vessel on, over the tossing waters, through rock-bound channels, and around threatening islands, until just as daylight awoke in the East, the graceful Gipsy was sailing along in comparatively smooth and safe waters, bound for Portland, where Adrian had promised to convey his new-found friends, ere he returned to Wreckers' Island, where he anticipated meeting the Exile, which he hoped had also escaped from the clutches of Marmaduke, the Pirate.

CHAPTER XI.

THE REWARD OF MERIT.

IN safety the Gipsy arrived in the harbor of Portland and dropped anchor just at sundown beneath the shadow of the fort.

Colonel Moncrieff and Daisy were soon on shore, and accompanied by the count and Boy Pilot, with two seamen carrying the baggage the pirate had allowed his captives to take with them, the party set off for the mansion.

Upon their arrival the servants were aroused and the whole house was a scene of commotion, for the colonel and Daisy had been given up as lost, when it became known that they were in the hands of the pirates.

Resisting the kind entreaties from both father and daughter to remain all night, the Boy Pilot and the count took their departure, promising to lunch at the mansion the following day, for the colonel had urged the request in such a way that refusal would have been rudeness.

To keep their engagement the count and his son ascended the broad stairway at the appointed hour of the following day, and were warmly welcomed by the colonel, who said:

"My daughter will join us at lunch, gentlemen, as she is now busy receiving the congratulations of our own friends, and I desire to first settle with you an affair of much moment.

"That mysterious pirate demanded of me a large sum, Captain Earle, for an ignominious purpose; but having discovered, through the paper received, that hostilities between America and England are already commenced, I am most anxious to lend my aid to the cause of my adopted land, and it is my intention to leave on to-morrow, post-haste to Boston, where I intend to purchase a small and swift-sailing privateer, or rather vessel, to act as a defense to our exposed coast here.

"I will furnish her with the arms, stores and all that is necessary for her, at my own expense, but I require your aid in selecting me a crew."

"That I can easily do for you, sir," said the Boy Pilot, for to him more particularly the words of Colonel Moncrieff had been addressed.

"I am glad of it, sir, and having the right to appoint my own officers, I commence by naming you, my noble fellow, owner in full, and captain of the vessel."

"Me!"

"What! my son?"

The surprised exclamations of the count and Adrian were not affected, and the colonel resumed:

"Yes, you are to be the owner and captain, and I now give you your orders, which are to take aboard of the Gipsy, three cannon, which I purchased down town this morning, luckily finding them aboard of a dismantled vessel, and sail with them to your island home, which you must at once fortify in such a manner as to command the only approach thereto, for

your father tells me the island can only be reached by a vessel through the main channel."

"True, sir, and it needs one who understands its windings to run a ship in; but we came to Portland, or as we were here, intended getting two or more cannon."

"I know, but I have anticipated you, and of course you will not refuse to accept them, for after you have mounted them on the land, drilled well a crew of from forty to fifty men, I wish you to sail for Boston, where you can take command of the craft I intend for you, and which, in about a month, will be ready for you. Now let us join Daisy in the dining-room."

That afternoon the Gipsy got under way, and sailing up the river, took from the old wreck the three cannon purchased by Colonel Moncrieff, and at sunset was flying down Cisco Bay homeward bound.

"Are you going by the sea passage, Adrian?" asked Marsden, as he stood beside the Boy Pilot, who had the wheel.

"No, mate, I am going to drop anchor off Jasper's island," returned the youth, and a bright color came into his face.

Soon the island hove in sight through the darkness, the anchor was lowered, and Adrian rowed ashore, saying to the boat's crew, as he stepped upon the land, "I will remain at the cabin to-night, so return here for me at sunrise."

The boat returned, and the Boy Pilot entered the pine forest and soon stood at the doorway of the cabin of the lonely islander.

"Ha! 'tis you, Master Adrian. I am glad to see you, sir. Blanche, girl, here is the young Master," said Jasper, rising from his seat upon the bench where he had been enjoying a snooze, and calling to his adopted daughter, who had fled at the approach of the youth.

Blanche Willis returned and warmly extended her hand in greeting, for in the years that had gone by since the Boy Pilot had rescued her from the pirates, she had not with the usual worldly ingratitude forgotten her brave preserver.

Grown from a child of twelve to a maiden of fifteen, each year had but added to her loveliness in form, face and character, and between her adopted father and herself there existed the warmest ties of almost kindred affection.

As regularly as Sunday came, rain or shine, calm or storm, Jasper called upon Blanche at her boarding-school, and once a month she would spend at the island at least one Saturday and Sabbath, while her two months of summer vacation were invariably passed in the society of her kind benefactor, who found in his fair young *protege* the joy of his declining years.

Though a fisherman, as 'twere, Jasper had in early life seen better days, and was somewhat cultivated and educated, and having saved up a snug little sum, he lived in contentment and comfort, while he gratified every wish of his ward's heart.

The cabin was very well furnished, and contained numerous little luxuries, which from time to time Jasper had purchased to surprise Blanche upon her regular visits during her school days. Around it was a flower plat, tended and cared for by the maiden, while an open space contained a vegetable garden, which supplied the fisherman's table.

Now when Adrian had landed upon the island, he well knew that Blanche was there on a visit to her father, for he had walked for an hour up and down before her boarding-school, during the day, in hopes of catching sight of her, and had been informed by a little girl, who had before seen him, and knew him to be an admirer of Blanche, that Miss Willis had gone away for a few days; but when Blanche came out of the cabin door and warmly greeted him, he said, with the most innocent expression:

"Why, *you* at home? This is indeed a pleasure, Blanche."

The darkness hid the maiden's blush, as she thanked him, and the conversation became general.

At length Adrian said: "I came to see you particularly to-night, Jasper, for I have much to say to you. Don't leave, Blanche, it is nothing that you cannot hear, although you must keep silence regarding the secrets you discover."

"Is anything of importance up?" asked Jasper, earnestly.

"I will tell you;" and in a clear manner the Boy Pilot made known all that had transpired since the night he had guided the pirate schooner into Portland, up to the moment he had dropped anchor off the fisherman's island.

"I always knew you would come out all right, Adrian; you had it in you, and I warrant me, that in your new boat you

make this coast lively for Britishers," said the fisherman, with enthusiasm.

"Now, Jasper, I have an offer to make you : I have already decided upon my crew and officers.

"There are to be fifty men, all told, for the schooner is to carry three pivot-guns.

"Marsden is to be my first officer, of course ; one Jasper Conover, a worthy man, is to be the second officer. Stop, do not interrupt me. Boss will be the third, and Jack the boat swain."

"But, Adrian, thanking you from my heart, I can not accept, for who would stay here to—"

"All, all thought of ; here you are in an exposed place, and liable at any time to visits from the enemy ; so you must move, bag and baggage, to the home of the Island Wreckers.

"The entrance to our harbor is going to be fortified ; a number of the fishermen upon the unprotected islands are moving in and becoming inhabitants, and this will add a force sufficient to protect our home, with my father for commander-in-chief ; for, besides the three cannon we got to-day, and now yonder on the Gipsy, we secured a number of small-arms and plenty of ammunition and stores, which I intend to send the Exile after immediately.

"Blanche here can accompany you, and her education can be continued by my father, who will only be too delighted at having so fair a pupil."

"Well, well—you draw a fine picture, and I must submit ; what say you, Blanche ?"

"Let us go, by all means ; for, papa, if the war comes, I will not leave you here alone."

"So be it, then ; when shall we come ?"

"The sooner the better. Ah, I have it. I will leave half a dozen men with you to-morrow, to aid you, and your own vessel can bring you up."

"Agreed. I will take steps immediately to get ready. Oh, but I like to have forgotten—I am now waiting to-night to receive the commander of an American ship-of-war—the same that chased you in the pirate schooner. I met him several days ago in Portland, and he engaged me to run him up the coast upon a secret expedition, and he is to be here to-night."

The Boy Pilot thought a few moments in silence, and then said :

“ Jasper, this shall not prevent your preparations, for I will take your place on the Sleuth-hound—that is, if they will accept my services.”

“ Very well—you may go ; for it may add to your name, already becoming famous ”

“ Thanks ! Now let us go to the beach—I will hail the Gipsy, have the men that you need come ashore, allow the sloop to continue on home, while I remain to pilot the corvette.”

It was all soon arranged—the men left to aid Jasper in his removal were comfortably housed in the cabin, the Boy Pilot had parted with his father, and the Gipsy had set sail, leaving the youth to await the arrival of the corvette.

About midnight she hove in sight, and springing into a light fishing-boat, Jasper soon placed the youth on the decks of the man of war, at the same time introducing him to her commander, Captain Owen Meredith, a stylish looking, gallant young officer of twenty-seven, who had won his command by his skill and intrepidity.

“ You are quite a young man for a pilot, sir,” said Captain Meredith, gazing into the handsome face of Adrian, which was in the full light of the cabin lamp.

“ Yes, sir ; and I may add, you are also young for the exalted post you occupy,” answered the youth, firmly, but with politeness.

“ A home-shot, by Neptune ! Pardon me, Mr.—Mr—”

“ Earle—Adrian Earle,” said Jasper.

“ Earle—Mr. Earle, pardon me, sir ; I accept your services, although there is danger ahead of us that needs a steady hand and good nerve.”

“ Captain Meredith, this young gentleman is he who is known as the Boy Pilot,” said Jasper.

“ What ! he who attacked the stronghold of the pirates some years ago, and has since won such a reputation as a skillful pilot ?”

“ The same, sir.”

“ Then indeed I am in luck in having you for my pilot. Mr. Conover, though regretting your inability to accompany

me, I must thank you for procuring such an able substitute. Captain Earle, with your permission, we will now get under way ;" and Jasper having departed, the Sleuth-hound headed up Cisco Bay, with the Boy Pilot at her helm and Captain Meredith standing by his side.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CRUISE OF THE SLEUTH-HOUND.

BEFORE a favorable but light breeze the corvette sailed up Cisco Bay, under the skillful guidance of the Boy Pilot, who soon convinced the captain and crew of the war-vessel that he fully understood his work.

"Yonder is the inlet through which the pirate schooner escaped me some time since," remarked Captain Meredith, turning to his youthful pilot.

"Yes, I know the channel well," quietly returned Adrian.

"Indeed ? Then I wish I had had you on board with me that night."

"That would have been impossible."

"And why, Mr. Earle ?"

"Simply because I guided the Night-hawk through on that occasion."

"You ! You aided a pirate to escape ?" exclaimed the astonished officer, gazing into the frank, manly face of the youth.

"Only too true, sir, and if you will allow me I will relate the circumstances, to relieve the monotony of our watch." And Adrian entered into the particulars of the manner in which he had joined the corsair vessel, and her after exploits.

"What !" said Captain Meredith, when the youth spoke of the capture of Marmaduke.

"What ! You say it was Colonel Moncrieff and his daughter he took from the Fleetwing ? I had heard of his kidnapping a distinguished citizen, but had no idea he was a friend of mine."

"You know the colonel, then?"

"Yes, and also Miss Moncrieff. I met them in Italy but a short time before our ship was ordered home, and I like the colonel as much as I lo—admire the fair Miss Daisy. But go on, pray, as I am deeply interested in your story."

The thought flashed across the mind of the Boy Pilot that the handsome and gallant captain was as much interested in Daisy Moncrieff, as he himself was in Blanche Willis, but without expressing an opinion on that subject, he continued his narrative to the end.

"You are indeed fortunate—a very lucky dog, so to say—to have been of service to the great beauty and heiress, Daisy Moncrieff. Why, she was the belle aboard, and broke numbers of hearts, not to speak of those whom her bright eyes wounded—"

"You speak from experience, captain?" slyly said Adrian, and his words brought the rich blood into the embrowned face of the young officer, who frankly added:

"Egad, I do. No harm in saying so; I fell in love with Daisy Moncrieff at sight, and she is a woman worthy of any man's love; but now let me explain my object in this cruise, Mr. Earle, after thanking you for your confidence in me, and kindness in entertaining me with the romance of your existence during the past few days.

"I am getting away from Portland harbor thus in the night, and taking this passage up the bay, to escape observation, for I am aware that there is an Englishman watching my movements outside, and the duty I am bound on must be kept secret.

"We are to sail at once for the Bay of Fundy, crowding all sail, to a small port in New Brunswick, where an American ship is held in durance vile. She was captured a few weeks ago, when fitting out as a privateer, and the English now intend her for the same service against us, so my orders are to take her from her anchorage, or, if impossible to do that, to burn her."

"I doubt not but it can be done. Is she armed and manned?"

"Her guns are aboard of her, and her crew will be put on the last of this week."

"Then it is most urgent to make all speed, and, as I know this coast well, I will, with your permission, Captain Meredith, take advantage of this fair wind, and drive the Sleuth-hound on," said Adrian, at once feeling an interest in the expedition.

"The vessel is in your hands, Mr. Earle, until we arrive at our destination. If I am needed, please have me called." And leaving the youthful pilot in charge of the ship, Captain Meredith retired to his cabin, to sleep and dream of Daisy Moncrieff, again brought before his mind most vividly through the conversation he had just had with Adrian.

The Boy Pilot rapidly gave the orders to increase the sail on the ship, and soon, from deck to topmast, she was a cloud of snowy duck, which forced her through the water with great speed.

Momentarily the wind arose, and toward daylight the heavens became overcast, and the wind increased to a half-gale, but yet no order came from the pilot to reduce sail.

Two men stood at the wheel, and pacing the quarter-deck, his eyes falling at every turn upon the channel and canvas-covered vessel, was the Boy Pilot, seemingly unconscious of the mutterings of the crew that the ship was being forced beyond her powers of endurance.

Still the wind increased, and the heavens became blacker, but no order had come from the pilot to take in a single sail, and madly the vessel plunged on at a fearful rate, scudding before the blast, and shaking the waves from her at every bound.

True the pilot had stopped in his walk, and was standing upon the starboard quarter, narrowly watching the course of the vessel, gazing upon either side at the dark and threatening islands scattered around, and also watching with a practiced eye the clouds of canvas above.

But upon his face no sign of uneasiness rested ; it was perfectly calm, and his voice cool, as he gave his orders, which were promptly obeyed by the seamen, who could not but think it strange that their commander remained below, while his vessel was controlled by a mere boy.

"Keep her steady, helmsman, there is a rock off yonder island we have to weather," said the Boy Pilot, and his order

was obeyed by the attentive seaman. "Bring her up closer—steady—still closer; there, hold her at that, and on your lives hold her steady."

The last words of the Boy Pilot startled the crew, and all eagerly gazed out upon the raging waters, to pierce the gloom and behold the danger ahead, and through the darkness they could trace the foaming caldron that marked the rock referred to by the pilot, and upon which it seemed the Sleuth-hound needs must strike.

At this moment, Captain Meredith came upon deck, having been awakened from his love-dreaming by an unusually low bend of his vessel, and being a most thorough seaman, his quick eye at once took in the wild scene, and the danger surrounding his gallant ship.

Glancing above, and beholding the masts bending beneath the sail spread upon them, and observing that frowning reefs and dark islands lay ahead, astern, and upon either side of him, he cried in stern tones:

"What means this, pilot?"

"It means that the vessel is behaving splendidly, Captain Meredith," coolly returned Adrian, and then he continued:

"I am forcing her thus to run through a channel above here with the flood tide; the cut off will save us six hours sailing."

"But you endanger the ship!"

"Not at all; she carries her canvas beautifully—steady there at the helm; can't you see yonder rock ahead? steady, I say, keep her up, and keep her full!"

"Well, Mr. Earle, the ship is in your hands, but I confess I do not like to crowd her in such a blow," remarked Captain Meredith, as he turned to watch the progress of his vessel.

The rock pointed out by Adrian was now but a cable-length ahead, and with a spring the Boy Pilot himself took the helm, crying:

"Trim every thing close—close, I say!" and the next moment the Sleuth-hound's bow hovered almost over the frightful caldron, and passing swiftly on, the danger swept by to leeward, while every heart stood still.

"Glance to windward, all!" exclaimed the Boy Pilot, and

every eye turned quickly and beheld that a black and frowning point of rock also lay upon that side, showing that the ship had passed through a gateway of rock, hardly twice her own width, while beyond her lay the open sea.

A perfect yell of joy succeeded the silence that had the moment before reigned on board, and Captain Meredith and every one of his officers seized the hands of the Boy Pilot with the wildest admiration at his courage and skill.

"Now, captain, I will relieve the ship of some of her canvas, for she'll have to struggle with heavy seas, now that we are no longer land-locked ; but with this breeze we can soon reach our destination."

"Do as you like, Mr. Earle, all is in your hands," returned the captain, and as daylight broke, all were gratified to note that through the able management of the Boy Pilot, the Sleuth-hound had placed many a mile between herself and Portland.

The good breeze held out during the run, and in the darkness of the night the Sleuth-hound entered the small port on the Bay of Fundy, captured at her anchorage, the privateer, which was gallantly defended by her crew, and Captain Meredith immediately placed the Boy Pilot in command of her, with a crew sufficient to work her, and gave him orders to set sail for Portland, where he would join him after a short cruise further North.

Adrian Earle nobly discharged his duty, arriving safely in the destined harbor, and delivering his command to the commanding officer of the ship-of-war President, he immediately after purchased a small sail-boat and set out alone for his home, from which he had now been absent some weeks.

CHAPTER XIII.

KINDNESS TO A FOE.

BEFORE leaving Portland, the Boy Pilot had stored his little sail-boat with all that was necessary for his trip home, and in the purchase of the craft had been most particular to select only such a one as would be of service about the island.

It was nearly nightfall when he set sail, and shaped his course up Cisco Bay, determined to stand on until late, and then land on some island for rest.

Thus, resting now and then, and continuing his way with fair weather, three days passed ere Adrian came near the home of the Island Wreckers, and sailing gently along, he was congratulating himself that in a few hours more he would be in his comfortable cabin ashore, when the little sail suddenly flapped against the mast once or twice, and then hung limp.

"What! the wind has left me; this is really too bad, for it is a long pull to the island," muttered Adrian, as he arose from his reclining position at the tiller and glanced around him.

Darkness had but a short time rested upon the ocean, and it was yet light enough to see that a severe storm was threatening, for the skies were becoming overcast with inky clouds, the sea moaned forebodingly, and not a breath of air could be felt.

"This is too bad, too bad; ten miles from the island, and a terrible storm coming on, for this painful calm indicates a terrible tempest," he muttered, as he quickly lowered his sail reefed it close, and bent to his oars, after having all in readiness to seize his helm as soon as the wind arose.

On he pulled through the painful silence and dead calm, with strong and steady stroke, while the heavens seaward grew blacker and blacker, the ocean became lurid with the strange glare that often foretells the storm, and upon the very air hung a threatening of coming danger, and caused an oppression hard to throw off.

Nobly he struggled at his oars, and turning once to observe his progress, descried, yet afar off, the dark line of land, the Wreckers' Island, with a single light glittering upon its lofty cliff that overhung the harbor at its base.

"My courage and strength must not fail me, or I'm lost," he murmured, and with renewed energy he tugged at the oars and sent his little craft flying over the dark waters.

Then, afar off, sounded the rumbling of the coming storm—first low and indistinct, then rising higher and higher in its angry mutterings, until it became a roar, terrible to listen to but yet the dead calm remained, and the Boy Pilot pulled for his life.

Afar off upon the ocean, miles and miles away, he suddenly descried the approach of the terrible tempest, a wall of foam, lashing the sea into fury as it came on like a herd of wild mustangs, the howling and shrieking of wind and wave in madness, heard above the deep tones of the thunder.

With every muscle strained, every nerve at play, Adrian Earle bent to his work, with a will that made his frail boat leap over the waters, for well he knew that life and hope lay ahead, and death came sweeping on astern.

Suddenly there came a flash, and immediately thereon followed the deep boom of artillery, almost over his head, and in surprise he nearly dropped his oars, as he wheeled around and glanced landward.

There, just in his course, lay a large vessel, whose low hull and tapering spars, revealed against the bright sky to landward, not yet hidden by the storm-clouds, indicated her to be a vessel-of-war; and as another deep boom came from her guns, he knew that she was calling imploringly from her cannons' mouths for help, well knowing that, thus caught in a storm upon that coast, her doom was certain, unless guided by the aid of a skillful pilot into a haven of safety.

Almost forgetful of his own danger, Adrian rested on his oars and mused, while the deep, hoarse cry of the gun for help rolled mournfully over the waters, and rumbled in dirge-like echoes along the rocky island cliffs.

"Yonder vessel is an Englishman," thought Adrian, "and therefore an enemy of my land."

"Shall I leave her to her fate, and save myself—for now

I can reach the inner reefs ere the storm strikes me—or shall I save her from destruction?—for else I do, she must go down with the hundreds of souls that crowd her decks.

“No, humanity calls, and I will obey, even though this storm send her under with me on board.”

As the Boy Pilot again resumed his oars, another minute-gun boomed forth, and when its echoes died away, he hailed, in a voice heard above the roar of the storm, which was now rushing on with fearful velocity, moaning and howling in its wrath:

“Brig ahoy!” rung out in clear tones.

“Brig ahoy!” repeated the youth.

“Ahoy! who hails?” cried a hoarse voice from the vessel’s deck, for, anxiously watching shoreward for some sign of a pilot-boat putting out to them, none of the crew had observed the approach of the little craft that held the youth.

“You need a pilot?” cried Adrian.

“In God’s name, we do!” answered a different voice from the one that had replied to his first hail.

“All right; have lines ready to haul my boat aboard, and lively, all of you.”

The commanding tones of the youth made the crew and officers of the Englishman spring to obey, and two minutes more found him upon the broad decks, while his little boat was safely secured.

“You are a pilot, sir?” asked the English commander, as Adrian stepped upon the quarter-deck.

“I am, sir; shall I take command?”

“Yes.”

“Into the rigging then, every man of you, and strip the ship to her bare poles,” cried the youth, without waiting for another word with the English captain, and, like hounds urged on in the chase by the ringing cry of the huntsman, the crew obeyed the order.

“Strip her naked, I say! three of you men there jump to that wheel and put the helm hard, hard up!”

The order was obeyed, and all stood in readiness for the next command, which now came.

“Down! down to the decks, all of you, and hold hard for your lives!”

Just in time was the order given, for the storm was upon the devoted ship, which shrunk, shivering as if in mortal terror, from the shock, and then, unable to meet the tempest, head on, was hurled upon her beam-ends, while a dozen poor wretches were torn from their hold, and, with despairing cries for help, which none could give, were swallowed up in the avalanche of waters.

Seeing that the brig still lay over, unable to right again, the Boy Pilot called out :

“Stand ready to cut away !—hold !—forward there, run up her jib, and see if it’ll draw her head round.

With great difficulty the order was obeyed, and then even the small bit of canvas exposed to the wind forced her forward, her bow swung around, she righted with a tremendous lurch, and before the gale was borne landward.

“This is a dangerous coast, pilot ; I hope you know it well,” shouted the English captain in the ear of Adrian.

“I know it well ; the brig is as stiff as a church, but she must bear some canvas,” returned the youth.

“She’ll not stand a ribbon,” shouted back the Englishman.

“I’ll risk it !—into the rigging, lads, for your lives, mind you, and let fall the foretop-gallantsail ; forward there, set the flying-jib ; nobly done, my hearties, now come aft and reef and set the mizzen spanker.”

With alacrity the crew obeyed their youthful pilot’s every order, and under the canvas set, the brig bounded forward like a restive steed, impatient at the curb, but behaving nobly.

“Now, captain, I’ll take the helm,” shouted the Boy Pilot, and he at once placed himself in the center position at the wheel, and bent his piercing eyes out over the waters until, through the storm, he caught sight of the light on the cliff.

“I hope you know where you are going,” said the English commander, as he placed himself upon the right of Adrian, to aid him with the wheel, and called to his lieutenant to do likewise with the post of the other helmsman.

“I would know this channel, sir, were the darkness twice as dense,” answered the youth, with perfect confidence in his own powers to guide the brig into a port of safety.

And so it proved, for through the surging waters, riding on the elements like a thing of life, dashed the devoted vessel,

obedient to the hand and will of a mere boy, who guided her course without a shrinking of the nerve, and uttered his orders in a voice that knew no tremor. On, on, on, until after half an hour which seemed an age, and a winding career between frowning rocks, and white reefs, the gallant vessel-of-war darted within the inclosed harbor, and soon after dropped anchor where the fury of the storm, from which she had so miraculously escaped destruction, could no longer threaten her with ruin.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PILOT'S RUSE.

"You have saved my ship, sir, and in the name of his majesty, and my officers and crew, as well as myself, I sincerely thank you," said the English commander to Adrian, as soon as his vessel was in safety.

"Captain, I need no thanks, sir; I but did my duty to my fellow-men, although in aiding you, I have befriended an enemy."

"Ha! you are an American, and *gold* caused you to come to our aid?" said the Englishman, in a changed voice.

"You err, sir Briton, no man's gold could ever tempt me to do my duty. I saved this ship for humanity's sake, and the reward I ask is one easily granted," haughtily responded Adrian.

"Name it, sir; I grant it beforehand," responded the Englishman, with true generosity.

"I will, thank you. I have conducted you into an island which is my home. It was my only chance to save the brig, as in the gale it was impossible for her, good as she is, to eat off the coast."

"Well, sir?" said the Briton, as Adrian paused.

"You have sustained some damages in the storm, that will take you several days to repair, so I beg of you, that, unless you need extra spars or aid, you will not allow an officer or

man to go ashore, for this is American soil, and I would not have it said that I brought a foe, voluntarily, to desecrate it with his tread."

"I understand and appreciate your feelings, sir. The request is granted; but now tell me in what way I can serve you?"

"By having my boat lowered and allowing me to depart."

"But who will pilot the brig out of this channel when our repairs are finished?" asked the British commander, with a shadow of suspicion in his tones.

"I will see that you have a pilot out of the harbor, captain. Whenever you are ready to depart, hoist a red flag at the foretop, and a pilot will come aboard."

"I trust you, young sir, and you shall go. Lower away the pilot's boat, there. Now, sir, permit me to urge upon you the acceptance of this order; it was bestowed upon me by his majesty for services rendered my country, but I feel when he knows that I, in turn, gave it to one who rendered signal service to England, and that one an enemy, he will feel that the gift is honorably given, and bravely won."

Adrian was touched by the words and manner of the Englishman, and frankly allowed him to throw the heavy gold chain, with its diamond-glittering star attached, around his neck, after which he parted in a friendly manner with the captain and his officers, and left the ship, followed by three hearty English cheers.

Seizing his oars, the Boy Pilot pulled directly to the Gipsy, which lay a short distance away, rocking quietly upon the waves, and with a light spring was upon her decks.

"Ha! Jasper, you here, and you, Marsden?" he cried, recognizing the two men, who, in surprise at his sudden appearance, most warmly greeted him home again.

"I see all now," said Marsden; "you brought yonder ship in. I might have known it by the way in which she was handled."

"It is of that ship I would speak, Marsden; but where is Boss?"

"Here I am, at your service, and happy in the heart at welcoming you home again," said that individual, coming up from the cabin.

"Thanks, Boss. Now, my friends, there is work to be done. Marsden, I intend to sail at once in the Gipsy. Hold! listen before you speak, and I wish her regular crew aboard. Jasper, you must go ashore and tell the count, my father, that I expect to return in a few days; but, in the meantime, my present arrival must not be known. Tell him to have patience, and when we meet he shall know all.

"Boss, you go aboard the Exile, and keep a close watch on yonder brig; when you see a red flag hoisted at the fore-top, go aboard of her and pilot her to sea again. Mind you, do your duty."

"That brig is English, and I'll—"

"Obey my orders, sir. I know better than do you that she is our foe, for I brought her in. Here, take my boat alongside and do as I tell you; and mind you, let no one know of my coming."

"Ay, ay, Master Adrian, I'll pilot the brig to hell, an you tell me so to do."

"I do not tell you to go that far; simply see her out of the channel, well on her way oceanward. Now, Jasper, jump in and let Boss put you ashore; now I can not say more to explain."

"I trust you Master Adrian."

"Very well—good-night; and remember me kindly to Blanche. Now, Marsden, to work: where are the men?"

"Turned in for the night."

"Call them up quietly, for I wish no stir."

Wondering at the strange return and conduct of the Boy Pilot, Marsden however promptly obeyed, and in fifteen minutes after the youth's coming, the Gipsy, with her sails reefed almost down to the decks, commenced beating out to sea, through the wild rush of waters that surged in over the rocks.

It was nearly daylight ere a good offing was gained by the struggling vessel, and then the Boy Pilot put her on a course to the northward.

All day long the little sloop tossed in the rough sea, but was steadily held on by her commander, while every eye was kept constantly scanning the wild waste of waters, for a sail.

As darkness came on, the storm, which had lasted for over twenty-four hours, died down, and the waves became lesser and lesser in size, but yet on the gallant vessel sped, every man on the look-out for the sight of a sail.

Toward midnight from forward came the welcome cry to all, of :

“Sail ho !”

“Where away, Jack ?” called out Adrian, recognizing the man’s voice.

“Dead ahead, Master Adrian.”

“All right, we’ll stand on for her,” and ordering additional sail set, the Gipsy flew on her way, and in half an hour was in hailing distance of a large schooner, which was heading for her.

“By Heaven ! ’tis the pirate,” suddenly cried Marsden.

“Never mind, I’ll hail him ;” and Adrian called out in a clear voice :

“Night-hawk ahoy !”

“Ahoy the sloop !” came the answer in the well-known tones of Marmaduke.

“I would board you ; have important news.”

“Ay, ay ; I’ll round to, and let you come up under my lee.”

In a short while the Boy Pilot stood upon the pirate’s deck and was face to face with the chief.

“By Heaven ! you here ? I thought that sloop looked familiar, but I mistook you for a fishing-smack,” said the chief.

“A poor compliment to my beautiful Gipsy ; but, Captain Marmaduke, I would see you alone.”

“Come with me into my cabin, and I hope ’tis news that will do away with the bad impression that you left, when you stole from me my captives.”

“Captain Marmaduke, I am no pirate I saved your vessel, and hence, when I had an opportunity to serve myself and others at your expense, I did it.”

“A bold deed, Mr. Earle, and one I appreciated for its daring ; but had I caught you that night, I fear ’twould have gone hard with you.”

“Doubtless ; but now to the object that made me put my head in the lion’s mouth.

"You want a better vessel, a larger one, I mean, than this schooner; well, I have come to tell you where you can get one."

"Ha! this is good news: where is the craft you speak of?"

"Are you willing to fight for her?"

"Try me."

"I am glad of it. Last night I piloted into a safe harbor, to escape the storm—"

"Yes, it blew great guns, and we near went down."

"I say, I took her into a safe harbor, and she was slightly damaged, and is now undergoing repairs, which will occupy her from two to three days only. She is an English brig-of-war, with a most beautiful hull, carrying seven fine guns, and her rigging and spars are all that one could wish."

"Her crew?" simply asked the chief.

"Was one hundred men, but fifteen of that number were washed away in the storm."

"What would you have me do?"

"Set sail for the spot; await her putting to sea, fight and take her."

"Boy, you are a mystery. You will be my pilot?"

"I will."

"Suppose we are defeated?"

"I share your fate."

"Suppose we take the Englishman?"

"You are welcome to her and her crew; only be merciful; and all I ask for myself is to go ashore as soon thereafter as you can land me."

"It shall be as you say, I pledge you my word; and the pirate extended his hand, which was warmly grasped by Adrian.

"Now, I will dismiss my sloop;" and ascending to the deck, the youth hailed Marsden, and ordered him to put back to the island immediately, and with all speed, but under no circumstances to speak of where he had left him, to other than the count.

"Now, Captain Marmaduke," said Adrian, as the Gipsy sped away, "how many men have you?"

"Forty, all told."

"And three pivot guns?"

"Yes."

"You'll have to fight a hard battle."

"I am willing to."

"Can you depend upon your men?"

"Wait and see."

"I will; now what is my position aboard?"

"My second in command, and if I fall, the schooner and crew are yours."

"Well, now let us get to work, for we can not be too energetic in preparing for the battle to be fought;" and so saying the Boy Pilot at once set about the duties devolving upon him, with a coolness that surprised the pirate captain, and won his ardent admiration.

CHAPTER XV.

THE COMBAT.

WHEN Jasper made known to Count Octave the circumstance of Adrian's strange visit, and stranger departure, the noble man was at a loss to account for the remarkable conduct of his son, especially when he learned that he had been the one to pilot the Englishman into the harbor.

The brig had been observed early in the afternoon, becalmed off the island, but as she was an enemy, the wreckers determined among themselves that not a man should go to her assistance, for at that time the most bitter feelings had been aroused against the mother country, by her overbearing course toward the United States.

It was therefore with great surprise the wreckers had observed, that, when the storm struck the brig she had suddenly come on toward the entrance to the harbor, and greater was their astonishment to note how thoroughly she was handled in every danger that beset her pathway.

When at last she dropped anchor within the harbor, every brow darkened with anger, for they knew not but that the

morrow would bring ruin upon their homes from a hated enemy.

Thus it was that Count Octave learned with grief that his own son had brought the Englishman into their midst, and over and over again conned over in his mind the cause of this, to him, unaccountable act on Adrian's part.

"The young master doubtless has some good reason, Count Octave, and I do not think we should judge him harshly until we know all," remarked the generous Jasper, and then the two parted for the night.

Contrary to their expectations, the following morning brought no hostile movement from the English, who were observed to be busy on the repairs needed upon the brig, and thus in quietude the day and another night passed.

Another sun arose, and the English still worked on, and toward noon the wreckers were called from their observation of the brig, by a cry that a strange sail was in sight.

On it came with a stiff breeze, and ere long a slight change in her course, showed that it was the Gipsy.

All was now excitement, for the strange flight of the sloop from the harbor, the night of the storm, was still unaccounted for, and when she entered the harbor, a large crowd awaited Marsden on the beach.

Kindly greeting the wreckers, but offering no explanation, the mate moved on toward the cabin on the hill, and sought a private interview with the count, whom he mystified still more, by explaining how Adrian had parted with him.

"What is it, Jasper?" asked Count Octave, as the fisherman suddenly entered the doorway.

"I have come to say that another sail is in sight, and that the Englishman is preparing to leave the harbor."

"Well, I am glad of that; come, my friends, let us go forth and note what new change is to take place," and followed by his companions, the nobleman walked forth upon the cliff.

There still greater surprise greeted him, for the Englishman having hoisted a red flag at the fore, Boss had answered it by going aboard, and the brig was then weighing anchor to put to sea, while the former commander of the Exile stood at her wheel.

"The pirate! the pirate!" suddenly cried a dozen voices,

and it was now evident to all on the cliff, that the strange sail was none other than the Night-hawk, whose graceful proportions were known to many among the wreckers.

Under the steady hand of Boss the English brig-of-war glided safely out of the channel, and upon leaving the sheltering arms of the island came in full view of the strange sail.

Instantly the broad ensign of England was thrown to the breeze, and in answer, the schooner showed the same colors.

But only for a moment, for they were lowered and the flag of France was run up.

Had the schooner fired a broadside upon the brig, it would not have created a greater commotion, for the drums beat to quarters, the decks were cleared for action, and the vessel put under easy fighting canvas.

Not long, however, did the French flag wave over the schooner, for it was hauled down and the peak left bare.

This seemed to surprise the English vessel, for the crew of the schooner could not be seen, and only the man at the wheel, and one other person, the one that had raised the flag, could be discovered.

Anxiously did the crowd of wreckers watch every movement of the two vessels, and wonder among themselves if the saucy and daring little schooner would be so reckless as to venture an engagement with his large antagonist.

Count Octave, Marsden, Jasper, and the Gipsy's crew, who had ascended to the top of the cliff, well knew that the Boy Pilot stood at the pirate's helm, and knowing the character of Marmaduke, they felt assured that an engagement would be risked, and bitterly did they dread the result.

Being now within range, and observing that the stranger appeared almost indifferent to his proximity, the Englishman fired a shotted gun, and ran up another flag.

Like magic was the result upon the schooner.

Instantly the drum beat to quarters, the topsails descended to the deck, and up to the peak went the black flag of the pirate, the skull and crossed bones grinning out hideously distinct.

A yell of excitement came from the wreckers, in admira-

tion of the pirate's fearless courage, to fight a vessel double his size under his own merciless flag.

For a moment the Englishman appeared thunderstruck at the audacity of his foe, and then from his dark, low hull, shot forth a flame of fire, the deep roar of the broadside resounded over sea and land, and the iron hail found its mark for the fore-topmast of the schooner was cut away, and ragged holes were torn in her sails.

Nothing daunted, however, the daring pirate returned the fire, but to the surprise of all, only with grape, instead of solid shot, and at once bore away in the direction of his antagonist, who now poured upon him most terrible broadsides, cutting away his rigging and sails, and piercing his hull in many places.

Yet cool and undaunted the wreckers observed that the helmsman and the chief remained, while the pirates, under the eye of their terrible leader, stood to their guns with desperate determination, showing no sign of crying for quarter when their flag at the peak showed that they knew but too well the symbol of death waved over them.

"The schooner is sinking! the pirate is going down!" cried the wreckers, and to every eye it was evident it was but too true—the *schooner was sinking*.

Yet on she came, and though the brig tried to avoid her, the schooner was run across her bows, and then, as the wreckers gazed, they beheld a mass of flying forms falling upon the Englishman's decks, and the pirate vessel was deserted by all, save its dead and dying, for following their leader, and the Boy Pilot, who, after skillfully laying his vessel aboard the enemy, had rushed forward and boarded with the outlaws, whose irresistible onset had at once gained for them a footing upon the fore-castle of the man-of-war.

One moment the two bodies of enemies stood in silence regarding each other, and then came a rushing sound, a wild swaying of the tapering masts, a leap of the bows, a plunge, and the Night-hawk disappeared beneath the waves, carrying her dead and dying defenders with her to find a grave at the bottom of the sea.

Hardly had the waves lapped up the last flutter of the black flag, when, with a cry that was heard by the wreckers

upon the cliff, the pirate chief sprung forward, the Boy Pilot by his side, and rushed upon the English crew.

In vain did the sturdy sons of Britain attempt to beat them back ; in vain did the gallant officers strive to stem the tide of defeat ; the pirates cut down all opposition, and, with demoniacal yells, drove the brig's crew back to the quarter-deck, and cut them down without mercy, until one long wail for quarter went up piteously from the doomed vessel.

And the cry was answered ; the ship was won, and with his own hands did the Boy Pilot haul down the English flag, and raise in its place, not the colors of the pirate, but the Stars and Stripes of the American Republic.

Loud and long was the cheering that went up from the cliff at the result, and the exiled count almost wept with joy when he saw his noble son still unhurt.

Shortly after a signal was displayed from the brig, which Marsden well understood, and instantly he got under way with the Gipsy, and in half an hour was under the quarter of the captured vessel.

"Marsden," called out the Boy Pilot, who was standing upon the quarter-deck, his face yet wearing a look of fierceness, the impress of the terrible scene of carnage in which he had been an active participator—

"Marsden, there are some thirty prisoners here to go aboard the yacht, and I wish you to take them at once to Portland, where the wounded can be attended to ; then return with all speed to the island."

"Ay, ay, sir ;" and the transfer was soon made, while the Boy Pilot, not wishing to fall in the estimation of the English commander and his officers, by being considered a pirate, and unable and unwilling to explain the circumstances in his favor, studiously avoided meeting them.

"Now, Captain Marmaduke, I will go ashore, according to your promise," said Adrian, when the Gipsy had sailed away on her mission.

"You are free to go, and yet I would that I could keep you always by me, for I believe you would make me a better man."

"Indeed, I am glad to hear you say so ; but is it not strange that a man so endowed by nature and education as you are, should lead the life you do ?"

"It is strange ; but yet circumstances made me otherwise but your boat awaits you, and I hope we will meet again," said the outlaw, kindly, as if he shunned conversation regarding himself.

"You have won, and nobly, the brig ; but I am sorry for the Night-hawk's fate," remarked Adrian, still hesitating.

"I am not ; she met a glorious fate, and this vessel is worth three of her, and, mark me, when I refit and man her, I will yet make the English dread Marmaduke the pirate. Good-by."

Adrian warmly grasped the hand of the chief, sprung into the waiting boat, and soon landed upon a point of rock, where he was greeted with joy by the entire island force.

Dismissing the brig's cutter, he warmly thanked the wreckers for their expressions of regard for him, and accompanied by the count, ascended the hill toward the cabin, while the newly-captured brig spread her snowy sails and flew away Northward in search of new adventures.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PILOT AT WORK.

IMMEDIATELY upon his return to the island, the Boy Pilot set about preparations to place the guns in position, and so divide the wreckers, that in case of attack they could make a most formidable resistance.

His crew, for the vessel promised him by Colonel Moncrieff, was selected with great care, and upon the return of the Gipsy from her cruise to Portland, Adrian gave orders for his men to make preparations for their trip to Boston.

Though his time was greatly occupied, the youth never was so busy but that an hour or two of each day and evening could be devoted to the society of Blanche Willis, who, girl that she was, already began to feel for Adrian an affection that was cousin-german to love.

At length the hour for sailing arrived, and with the good

wishes of the island wreckers wafted after her, the Gipsy sailed away, and turned her sharp prow southward, on her way to Boston.

It was a lonely and stormy passage, but in safety the gallant yacht arrived, and when landing, the Boy Pilot was joined by Colonel Moncrieff, and most warmly was he greeted.

"Well, my young friend, I have not been idle since I came ; but have purchased for you a sixty-ton schooner, graceful and swift as a race-horse ; she carries three guns, the very best ; and is fitted out for a three-months' voyage.

"I have your commission made out and signed by the president, for war has been declared, so you see you are legalized as a privateer, and your duties will lie in more particularly guarding the coast of Maine."

When Colonel Moncrieff had given Adrian his orders, and full particulars, the youth then made known to his kind benefactor the adventures that had befallen him since last they met, after which they visited the new schooner, which in honor of the commander, the colonel had named the Pilot.

Adrian examined the beautiful vessel critically, from keel to topmast, and was compelled to confess that even his seaman's eye could find no fault with her.

"Colonel Moncrieff, I know not how to thank you, and to prove I appreciate most fully the honor done me, will let my actions—not words, prove."

"I know it, my boy, I feel it," and the two friends parted, Colonel Moncrieff to return to Portland, and the Boy Pilot, now the commander of a fleet privateer, to set sail and flit his flag upon the ocean, with the little Gipsy following in her wake.

"Make all speed for the island, for I wish to try the schooner's speed against the Gipsy's," was Adrian's parting order to the officer in command of the sloop.

But, after a rapid run, the little vessel arrived to find that the Pilot had not yet put in an appearance, and this circumstance caused much anxiety among the wreckers, for, as skillful as they knew the youthful hero to be, they yet feared that his ardor might have led him into an engagement with some antagonist greatly his superior in guns and crew.

But the Boy Pilot deserved not the anxiety bestowed upon him, for, after sailing from Boston, he boldly stood to sea, in the hope of falling in with a vessel belonging to the enemy, whether armed or unarmed, he cared not.

The second day after leaving port, the look-out from the masthead reported a sail, and then cried out :

"There are two vessels in sight, one just coming out of a fog-bank."

Adrian ascended the rigging, glass in hand, and discovered that the two sail were evidently war-vessels, the one an American the other English, and that their evolutions were decidedly hostile, for they were approaching each other with every determination to fight.

"Crowd the schooner, Marsden, with canvas, and, helmsman, put her away for yonder vessels," said Adrian Earle, upon descending to the deck ; and then he continued :

"Marsden, that Englishman carries a broadside of ten guns, and is double the size of the Sleuth-hound, for the other craft I recognize. It will not do to allow Captain Meredith to fight his huge enemy single-handed, so have the men called to quarters, and we'll run down and have a hand in the game."

The schooner was soon a scene of animation, and bowling merrily along, her decks cleared for action, and men at her guns, she presented a most beautiful sight.

In the meantime the Englishman, a sloop of war, was moving upon the American corvette, which was, indeed, the Sleuth-hound, firing as she advanced, for they had approached within range ; but every shot was gallantly returned by Captain Meredith, who it was now evident determined to risk an engagement with his antagonist.

A few moments more and the action became fearful, as each broadside was fired with terrible precision, and at short range.

But on flew the Pilot towards the scene, all ready for action, only her flag had not yet been unfurled to the breeze, and neither of the contending vessels yet knew whether the schooner would prove friend or foe to them.

As Adrian stood on the quarter-deck of his schooner and closely watched the combat as he approached, he soon dis-

covered that the American was getting the worst of the fray, for the heavier metal of the Englishman was cutting away her rigging and piercing her deck in many places.

"Marsden, you and Boss look to the guns ; Jasper, you aid me in working the schooner, for it is now our time to join in," coolly said the boy commander, and the Pilot now being within hailing distance, he continued :

"Now we'll give Captain Meredith a little encouragement, and surprise the Englishman. Jasper, run up the stars and stripes, and, helmsman, bring her round. Steady ! fire !"

It was the schooner's maiden broadside, but its effect was wonderful, for down came the enemy's mizzen-mast, and a wail went up from her decks as the iron crashed through her oaken bulwarks, while a cheer, almost wild in its earnestness, came from the American vessel, which was now considerably shattered.

But with renewed energy and courage the Americans fought on once more, the tables of victory were turned, and the sloop-of-war was forced to use every means at the power of her commander to continue the engagement, now the tide was turned against her.

Under easy fighting canvas, the schooner sailed around her large enemy, her guns playing heavily upon her, while she most fortunately escaped several severe broadsides poured upon her, for the Englishman soon found that, small though his other foe was, he possessed pluck and metal that dealt him great damage, and was not easily beaten off at the roar of his British guns.

Still on the fight continued, the Englishman, though crippled severely, keeping up a rapid fire, the Sleuth-hound, with her bowsprit and topmasts shot away, almost unmanageable, but still maintaining the struggle, and the saucy and graceful Pilot, but slightly damaged in vessel or crew, darting about and pouring in a galling fire that did terrible execution.

At length a lucky shot, aimed by Adrian himself, cut away the bowsprit of the sloop-of-war, which broaching to, at once placed her almost at the mercy of her enemies.

Running down athwart her stern, Adrian suddenly called out in a commanding voice :

"Will you surrender, sir?"

In answer the blood-red ensign of England was hauled down, but checking a cheer from his crew, the young officer ordered his cutter and soon stood upon the deck of the Sleuth-hound.

"What!—my friend, the Boy Pilot?" exclaimed Captain Meredith, greeting him warmly.

"I am come, captain, to ask you to accompany me aboard the Englishman and receive his sword."

"You are then the commander of that beautiful vessel? I congratulate you, sir; but you, not I, are the conqueror, for but for your timely arrival my poor Hound would have changed masters."

"Well, accompany me, please; you are the one deserving the credit, as your shattered vessel and dead and wounded testify," returned Captain Earle, and a few moments more found them in the presence of the English commander, who, though wounded, still retained the command of his vessel.

"Gentlemen, I greet you. I have the honor to tender you my sword."

"Keep it, sir. I never would take the weapon of a brave man, and I am confident Captain Earle agrees with me in my decision."

"Assuredly."

"Gentlemen, I thank you—from my heart I thank you," and the hard, stern face softened under a kindness his own noble nature fully appreciated.

"It was bold of you, sir, to engage me," he said, after a pause to recover himself, and addressing Captain Meredith.

"You were stronger than I supposed," modestly returned the young commander, while the Englishman rejoined:

"The Gray-hound should have proven more than a match for both of you, but it is seldom she has met such daring and gallant officers; but tell me, is it customary for the United States to be generally honored by such youthful commanders?" and the British veteran glanced, not without admiration, into the faces of his captors, bestowing marked attention upon the strangely handsome, frank and daring countenance of Adrian.

"Our country employs in her service every one who is willing to lose his life in her defense," replied Adrian.

"Nobly said, sir," returned the Briton, and then Captain Meredith remarked :

"Now we must to work ; captain, if you give me your *parole d'honneur* not to escape with your vessel, you can retain command of her, and follow me into Portland harbor, which is not many miles distant."

"Indeed, you are generous, sir. I gladly give my word."

Temporary repairs were soon made upon the two vessels of such similar names, and then all three got under way, the Pilot leading off gracefully, and the Sleuth-hound and Gray-hound following slowly in her wake, in the direction of Portland, which was the nearest port to the scene of combat.

CHAPTER XVII.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

WHEN the Pilot arrived in the harbor of Portland with the Sleuth-hound and English sloop-of-war following in her wake, there was the wildest scene of rejoicing among the citizens of that most patriotic of cities, at the gallant victory won by the two American cruisers, and both Captain Owen Meredith and Adrian Earle were most warmly welcomed.

But there came a disappointment upon both of the young officers, for when the commander of the Sleuth-hound had expected to renew his acquaintance with the beautiful Daisy Moncrieff, under the most favorable circumstance of a conqueror, he learned with regret that neither heiress or her father were in the city, and chagrined at the news he turned from the doorway of the elegant mansion to meet Adrian, who informed him that he had just learned some important news, which was in effect, that his father, Count Octave, had been to Portland in the Exile to obtain stores for the Island, and bringing Blanche with him, they had persuaded Colonel Moncrieff and his daughter to go with them to their home, promising that they should return in the Pilot as soon as she put into the island harbor.

"But one thing troubles me, Captain Meredith," continued Adrian, "and that is, some fishermen report that an English cruiser was seen in full chase of the Exile, shortly after her departure from here, and as the sloop is not as swift as my little Gipsy, I fear that they have been captured, so I intend to put to sea at once in search of them."

"You are right; how long before you can sail?" answered Captain Meredith, turning pale with dread, at the thought of danger to Daisy.

"Within two hours."

"And I will follow you in the morning, for I'll keep the men at work all night upon the repairs the Hound must have ere she can go once more upon the trail."

"Very well; I shall head seaward, then up the coast for Wreckers' Island, and if they are there will await you: if not will continue my cruising up and down the coast, in the hope of falling in with the Englishman that captured them."

"All right; I'll soon be after you," and the friends parted.

Two hours more and the graceful schooner sped away from the harbor of Portland, under every inch of canvas she could spread to a ten-knot breeze, and her beauty and remarkable speed as she flew seaward, drew hundreds of spectators upon the look-out to witness her departure, for they felt assured she was bound upon some errand that would add new laurels to the brow of her boy commander.

After a most rapid run, Adrian arrived at Wreckers' Island, to learn that the Exile had not returned, and was reported lost or captured, as she had been last seen some twenty miles out from Portland *en route* homeward.

With a sinking heart Adrian went aboard the Pilot, and the gallant vessel at once stood seaward.

With a fair breeze the schooner flew over the waves, every eye aboard watchful, and the following morning the look-out sent a thrill through the vessel by the cry of:

"Sail ho!"

"Whereaway?" called out Captain Earle.

"Standing in toward the land, sir; just off our weather bow."

"What do you make her out?"

"A large ship, sir."

Adrian ascended the rigging, glass in hand, and after a close observation descended to the decks.

"Well?" simply said Marsden, who had just come up from the cabin.

"She is a ship of the line, an Englishman, and carries twenty guns to a broadside."

"It would be madness to fight her."

"Simply madness, and yet, trusting in the speed of our fleet schooner, and the long range of our guns, we can at least not let her off without a few shots."

"It is playing with fire, Adrian," returned the more careful Marsden.

"True, but that is our profession, playing with fire above a powder magazine! so here goes."

The orders were now given to stand away for the stranger, and in half an hour more, a gun came from the bow of the Englishman, and his colors went up at the same time.

"Show them our gaudy gridiron, Jasper, and Boss, let them have a well aimed shot from the forward pivot," said Adrian, with enthusiasm.

The flag of the Union was at once unfolded, and the gun fired, which was well aimed indeed, for it cut the foretopmast of the ship from its fastenings.

A broadside from the Englishman followed, but luckily at such a long range that no damage was done to the schooner, which Adrian determined to keep out of danger, for he was glad to see that he had one gun that would enable him to injure his foe without injury to himself.

"Sail ho!" came from the look-out, after a half-dozen shots had been exchanged between the ship and schooner.

"I see her; by Jove, 'tis the Sleuth-hound!" cried Adrian, and he at once began to head in such a manner, that in half an hour the Englishman, who it appeared had not discovered the other sail, was placed in a position almost between the two Americans, for while the Pilot was leading the chase, off the port bow of the Briton, the Sleuth-hound came up off her starboard quarter, thus placing her between two fires.

The Englishman, however, appeared to fear little his two foes, for he kept up a rapid fire upon both, and steadily held on his course after the schooner, which from the pivot gun on her quarter-deck, returned the shots of her foe: at the same time the Sleuth hound was joining the fray, and also receiving the iron compliments of her large antagonist.

Suddenly a signal came from the Sleuth-hound, and was read by Adrian, to slacken sail a little, and to pour a broadside of his three pivot guns upon the Englishman, in the endeavor to cut away his rigging, so that before dark came on, bringing a storm with it from landward, they could come to close quarters with the foe.

Captain Earle obeyed the signals, and his guns did considerable damage, but just as a severe blow came up with the darkness, a well directed broadside from the Briton cut away the fore and main topmasts of the Pilot, bringing her sails to the deck with a run, and causing her to lose headway, and much time ere the evil could be remedied.

With nobleness of heart and purpose, Captain Meredith immediately crowded his vessel with sail, determined to rescue his friend from his perilous position, or lose his own ship in the attempt, and rapidly the fleet corvette lessened the distance between her and the Briton, pouring in a hot fire as she came on.

Though death and destruction stared him in the face, the Boy Captain stood undaunted at his post; his men both firing rapidly upon his huge antagonist and repairing the damage to the schooner's rigging.

But having crippled her daring little adversary, the Briton came on, firing hotly, and anticipating an easy conquest over both of the Americans.

The shots upon the schooner were damaging, and with a bursting heart the brave youth saw his men fall around him; but yet, though Boss lay dead upon the deck, and Jasper had been carried into the cabin severely wounded, his face showed undaunted courage, lit up as it was by every flash of artillery.

The heavens were now black with storm-clouds, the wind was blowing a gale, the sea was raving in fury, and the lightning and thunder of heaven mingled with the battling of man against man; but yet the daring Boy Captain fought his

gallant schooner, which, with her rigging but partially repaired, was bounding over the waves under reefed fore, mainsail and jib, while her guns spoke out defiance every moment.

The Sleuth-hound had now approached within easy range, and though she had also suffered severely, was with determined pluck creeping nearer and nearer, pouring in a perfect hail of iron from her guns, although nearly half her crew strewn her decks dead and dying.

Still the fight continued, still the storm raged on, until at length both Adrian and Captain Meredith began to feel, if they cared for the lives of their crews, they must surrender, for already had the cries of their foes come above the howlings of the storm, imploring them to ask for mercy, as the combat was useless, for an Englishman has ever been ready to recognize true courage, as well in a foe as a friend, and the daring of the Americans had won their wildest admiration.

"It is useless, Marsden, I must signal that I surrender," said Adrian, sadly, as he glanced upon his tired, fighting crew, shattered vessel, with the dead and dying heaped upon her decks.

But, as he spoke, there came a rushing sound astern of him, and far above his head swept a mass of snowy sail, as a vessel, a stranger, suddenly appeared upon the scene, and heading directly for the haughty Briton.

"Boarders all ahoy ! Follow me ! Hard, hard aport ! I say, helmsman, steady ! Lay her alongside ! Devils, come on !"

The foregoing orders were given in rapid succession, and in a voice that rung high above the combat and the storm, and with one accord there came from the schooner's crew the cry of :

"The pirate ! the pirate !"

Ere the cry had been carried off on the shrieking winds, the strange vessel, not until then discovered by Briton or American, came up under the quarter of the Englishman, and a wild, mad crew of almost incarnate devils followed the commanding form of Marmaduke, upon the decks of the foe, and in that conflict drove them before them like sheep to the slaughter-pen.

Vainly the British fought and fell, gallantly the officers led

on their men, but only to death, for the devoted pirate leader, armed to the teeth, and wielding his fearful cutlass, drove all before him, while his reckless crew, accustomed to scenes of carnage, swept down their foes, and in twenty minutes were masters of the bloody deck.

"Ahoy! the schooner!" suddenly cried the ringing voice of the pirate, from the quarter-deck of the Englishman.

"Ahoy!" answered Adrian.

"Ha! I know that voice well. Set sail for the vacant point of land where there is a safe anchorage. Ahoy, the Sleuth-hound! Follow the schooner, and I will come in the wake with this English ship, which I wish to give into your hands. Were your vessels not badly damaged and this storm veering, I would make the transfer here."

The chief's words were immediately acted upon by both Adrian and Captain Meredith, and the four vessels at once set sail for a harbor on the coast, well known to the Boy Pilot, where shortly after sunrise they dropped anchor in safety.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

NO SOONER had the anchors of the vessels been dropped than the Boy Pilot signaled for the pirate and Captain Meredith to come on board his schooner, and in obedience they both set out in their cutters. But what was the surprise of Adrian to see, at the same time, the cutter of the Sea-Serpent, which was the name given the pirate craft, leave the side of that vessel and pull for the schooner.

In an instant he recognized the parties in the boat. They were none other than the count, Colonel Moncrieff, Daisy, and Blanche.

Warmly he welcomed them, to learn that the Exile had been chased by the very English man-of-war just captured, and that they had rounded to, in obedience to a shot from

the Briton, when from behind an island poked the sharp black prow of the pirate, which at once came to their aid, took them aboard, set the Exile on fire, to prevent her falling into the hands of the Englishman, and had soon distanced and dodged their formidable pursuer.

"Marmaduke holds no ill will toward us on account of our escape," said Colonel Moncrieff, "treated us all like royal guests, and was on his way to land us upon Wreckers' Island, when we heard firing, discovered the combat going on, and recognizing the vessels engaged so opportunely, went to your aid; but here he comes."

Owen Meredith now arrived in his cutter, and was most warmly greeted by all, and the moment after, Marmaduke, the pirate, stepped upon the schooner's deck, and approaching he bowed low to the ladies, while he frankly offered his hand to Adrian.

"Not only have I to thank you, Captain Marmaduke, for the rescue of my father and two friends, but also for saving my vessel, and here is a gentleman who will warmly second me," remarked the Boy Pilot, and he turned to the commander of the Sleuth-hound, as he continued:

"Captain Meredith, it gives me pleasure to present my preserver, Captain Marmaduke."

The eyes of the two met, and with surprised tones, Owen Meredith said quickly:

"Marmaduke Willis! *you* the pirate chief?"

"Ay, Owen Meredith, I am Marmaduke Willis, once your old friend—now a pirate;" and the chief folded his arms and gazed around with an expression on his face painfully bitter.

"You! you, the brother of my poor dead wife? Yes, I see all now; I was blind before, not to recognize you," said Colonel Moncrieff, thoughtfully, and Marmaduke resumed:

"I would not be considered evil, without a word in extenuation of my crimes, so come with me all into the Pilot's cabin, and I will unfold a page of my past life.

"You know," he continued, after all were seated, "you know, Colonel Moncrieff, that my wild career as a boy ended in my becoming a midshipman in the royal navy, and that

three years afterward I was dismissed from the service. Why I was dismissed, you shall know.

"When our ship was in the harbor of New York, undergoing repairs, that detained me there some three months, I met there a lovely girl, beautiful in character and person, but poor—very poor.

"She was the sister of Owen Meredith, who was at that time also a midshipman, but in the service of the United States, and he was my best friend.

"Clandestinely Alice Meredith and myself were married, for we were mere children, and upon sailing, I left my wife behind me, with the intention of resigning my commission upon my return to England, and again seek the shores of free America, to live in happiness with my wife.

"Rendered mad by the jests bestowed upon me by my brother officers, upon my having married a poor American girl, I one night, in a French café, for our ship was at the time anchored in the harbor of Brest, killed my superior officer, for an unwarrantable insult offered me, and fled.

"I was hounded, hunted and driven to extremes, so I sought refuge in Algiers, to become in a short while a corsair.

"Desiring to again see my wife, I once more sought these shores to find no trace of her; but I learned that she had sailed to England in search of me, carrying with her our only child—"

"You are Marmaduke Willis?"

At the sudden question, all started, and saw, standing in the state-room doorway, his face pale and haggard with suffering, the form of Jasper Conover, the fisherman.

"I am!" answered the deep tones of Marmaduke.

"Then yonder is thy daughter. Blanche Willis, thine own father is before thee!"

With a glad cry the maiden sprung forward, and no shudder fell upon her as she was clasped in the strong arms of Marmaduke, who said, after a pause:

"I always felt there was a tie between us, ever since four years ago I took you from on board a merchantman, from which your poor, poor mother, my sorrowing, deserted wife, had but a few days before been buried at sea, on her return voyage to America."

"These are the proofs that I speak truly," again interrupted the voice of Jasper.

"They were taken from a secret slide I found in the maiden's trunk ; I discovered it when mending the lock one day," and the wounded man handed to the chief a large envelope, containing two miniatures, one of a lovely girl, the other of a handsome youth, attired in the dress of a midshipman in the royal navy. Within the envelope also were half a dozen faded letters, written in a bold, legible hand.

"True, my letters to her, and our miniatures. Jasper, from my heart I thank thee," he murmured, and then springing to his feet, his vehement manner startled all as he said :

"I am an outcast and pirate no longer ; down shall come the gory flag ; in honor will I skim the seas in search of the hated ensign of England, and if my adopted land will not commission me in her service, it shall not have cause to condemn me."

It was a joyous scene, there in the cabin of that little schooner, and all felt the influence of the strange circumstance, that had, in such a remarkable manner, brought together those whom Fate had divided in years gone by.

With the nobleness of their natures, Blanche and Daisy pardoned Marmaduke, and encouraged his honorable course in the future, for the one had found a father, the other an uncle, in the return of the prodigal.

Owen Meredith, also, most heartily welcomed the chief back to a career of honor, and the former friendship of the two was at once revived with tenfold interest, while, after the greetings of those bound by ties of relationship were over, Adrian and the count warmly congratulated all, while Jasper, whose wound, though painful, was not serious, came in for a share in the general rejoicings.

During the day the wounded and dead, both American and British, were cared for and buried, and then the Pilot and Sleuth-hound, needing numerous repairs, set sail for Portland, carrying with them Colonel Moncrieff, Blanche and Daisy, and with a prize-crew on the Englishman following in their wake.

The count, with the crew of the sloop Exile, had gone on board the Sea-Serpent, as Captain Marmaduke had pro-

mised to carry them back to Wreckers' Island, where the services of the commander were sorely needed.

Three years after the incidents above related, peace was declared between America and England, and shortly after the joyful tidings went forth over the land, a swift-sailing and saucy schooner set sail from Portland, destined for the Eastern Continent.

At a glance the schooner was recognizable as the Pilot, and on the decks stood a number of forms well known to the reader.

Walking to and fro, watching the sailing of their vessel, were Marsden and Jasper, the former the schooner's commander, the latter his first officer, while near the wheel, gazing sternward upon the fast-retreating shores of Maine, were three gentlemen, one of them Marmaduke, the pirate chief no longer, for his valuable services against England gained him a pardon from the President; another was Count Octave Earle, returning to his native France, his term of banishment having passed by; the third person was Colonel Moncrieff, who, like Marmaduke Willis, was returning with the count to witness his happy welcome to the land from which he had so long been an exile.

Near by were also four other persons, two ladies leaning upon the arms of two *cavaliers*.

This *quartette* comprised Adrian Earle, whose fame as a naval officer and daring pilot had spread far and wide during the war; and upon his arm leant his lovely bride, remembered as Blanche Willis, and in the happiness of newly-married life those two would have enjoyed even a terrible storm upon the ocean.

The remaining two were Commodore Owen Meredith and his beautiful wife, none other than Daisy Moncrieff, whose heart had at last been conquered by the gallant young officer's devotion.

The war being at an end the party were *en route* to the shores of sunny France, where, after leaving the count in the home of his ancestors, they were to return to America and pass the remainder of their days.

One word more, and 'tis finished :

After the war of 1812, the home of the Island Wreckers became a flourishing haven for the bold Maine fishermen, and there now dwell in that "Isle of the Sea" those who remember well the pardoned pirate chief, and the daring and noble deeds of Adrian Earle, the Boy Pilot.

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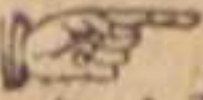
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